

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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How Large an Army?

In the debate over the conscription bill in Congress the important point is being overlooked. On one side are pacifists whose dislike of everything military is so strong that they are always against any measure of national defense, necessary or not, and are usually guilty of wishful thinking about the need for it. There are also those who correspond to the Hoares in Britain and the Bonnets in France, sluggish in apprehending danger and at heart sympathetic with the enemy. On the other side are habitual militarists who always favor any increase of the military establishment, no matter what the excuse, and look upon universal training not primarily as a means of raising an army but as a method of regimenting the American mind. There are also those who are sincerely concerned for the safety of this country and do not want it to be at as great a disadvantage, when the crisis arrives, as were Britain and France.

We have no sympathy with the sentimentalists on either side. The real question to be decided is, how big an army do we need, and why? If the strategic possibilities are such that we can get along with one of 500,000 or so, it can undoubtedly be recruited by voluntary enlistment—even if the term of service has to be reduced in order to attract applicants. But if we need an army of 1,500,000 or more, conscription and compulsory training are by far the best ways to recruit it. The American people will favor these measures if they are convinced that such an army is required. They would be reckless to adopt conscription for its own sake. We need a frank statement, from our political

leaders and strategic authorities, concerning the possible uses for which our army is being prepared, and the consequences as to its size.

The Campaign Against England

Week after week, Hitler has managed to give the impression that the attack on England was just about to begin. His publicity campaign was of course part of the strategy of terror, whose original inventor is described by Mr. Farago in this issue. By July 30, both the propaganda and the attack had reached a new climax. German air raids and assaults upon shipping were heavier than ever and from France came reports, obligingly passed by the German censor, that all communication between occupied territory and that of the Pétain government had been stopped, while the roads near the Channel ports were congested with military movement. The increased attacks on the British fortress might have been attempts to "soften up" the defense preparatory to invasion; or they might have been only preliminaries to a campaign of blockade and starvation. Meanwhile, the world awaited the outcome of what may be the most important battle in history.

Will Europe Be Fed?

The Department of Agriculture after a careful study reports that in spite of poor crops in Europe there is enough food there, including carryovers, to prevent any actual starvation next winter. It does anticipate suffering, however, on the ground that the existing food is not likely to be well distributed, on account of the disorganization resulting from military operations and millions of uprooted refugees. This is a polite way

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of saying that Hitler and Mussolini will feed their own armies and populations first, and will not bother much about sharing food with conquered populations.

A lively debate has already started in Britain and is likely to be repeated here concerning whether these subject populations should be fed by Hitler's enemies. Humanitarian and long-term considerations are on the side of preventing not only starvation but malnutrition, no matter what the consequences. But those who believe that everything else must be subordinated to defeating Hitler point out, and truly, that any food allowed to get into Europe will help him, indirectly if not directly. This point is reinforced by the finding of the Department of Agriculture that there is enough food and that the responsibility for underfeeding will rest on those who fail to distribute it. In the meantime we have to remember that the British, if they are still able, will make the decision by their blockade policy. We cannot reverse it unless we are prepared to oppose the blockade.

Embargo at Last

In adopting the policy of forbidding the export without license of essential war materials such as scrap iron and petroleum, the government has followed a recommendation made consistently by The New Republic for more than two years. We have always opposed unilateral embargoes such as that advocated against Japan. But we have repeatedly pointed out the desirability of restricting the export of essential key supplies, not merely for the sake of the effect on the aggressor nations, but because of our own need of conserving them for emergencies. It is on the latter ground that the recent action was taken. Spain was immediately hit by the stoppage of oil shipments; Germany and Italy will get no more help there. Japan appears to be alarmed and threatens stern measures, but it is obvious that with her new army-inspired fascist government she is planning to go as far as she dares anyway. The way to deal with this sort of thing is neither by appeasement, as suggested by some, nor by monitoring words, as has been the custom of this country, but by quiet refusal to keep on aiding those whose actions we have cause to fear.

At the same time, we beg leave to point out that Congress was unconscionably late in appropriating money for purchase of reserve stocks of critical materials that we obtain from abroad. This we also recommended two years ago—as did the army. If the action had been prompt no one need have worried now about the Japanese threat to cut us off from such commodities as rubber and tin from the East Indies.

Britain Pays More

The new British budget, prepared by Sir Kingsley Wood under the imminence of actual invasion, marks an advance over those of his predecessors by greatly

increasing the appropriations. It raises the taxes on incomes about to the feasible limit—with a normal tax of 41½ percent, and surtaxes going up from there. It still omits, however, to include the measure for compulsory saving, with family allowances, urged by Mr. J. M. Keynes, although he was one of the Treasury's advisors in the preparation of the budget. As a substitute, the Chancellor looks forward to large voluntary loans. British fiscal conservatism dies a hard death, though Britons are willing to sacrifice almost everything else for survival.

Hitler's Jewish Marshal

One of the strangest stories to come out of Germany is that of Erhard Milch, commander of the air force under Goering and recently raised to the rank of marshal. His story is strange, to begin with, because everyone knows that his father was a Jew. But Milch is a man of infinite resources—besides having real military talent—and he made his peace with the Nazi race purists by persuading his mother to swear that Milch the Jew was not his real father, since she had been conducting a love affair with an *echtgewaschene* Aryan. That may or may not be true; in any case it is now a matter of official record. But it is only half the story. What Frau Milch omitted to say—and we have it from a former friend of the family whose mother went to school with her—is that she herself was very blonde and Nordic-looking but indubitably Jewish.

Rumania Under the Knife

The mist is clearing away in the Balkans. Rumania is to be partitioned, with Hungary and Bulgaria getting back much but not all of the territory taken from them at the end of the last war. Hitler had demanded that these powers wait until after his attack on England, but apparently withdrew his condition when that attack was itself postponed. Russia's demands in this part of the world are still obscure, and it is possible they have not been clearly formulated, even in Moscow. There is one report that Hitler has offered Stalin another great chunk of Poland, and perhaps the Carpatho-Ukraine as well, if he will stay behind his present frontier with Rumania. It is hard to believe that Stalin would accept such a bargain, though he might agree to it temporarily. Russian ambitions for decades have included control of the Dardanelles and an outlet into the Aegean; and the general line of the Russian Communist Party is coming more and more to resemble the line laid down by Peter the Great. Meanwhile, Rumania is now wholly under Hitler's domination—so much so that the British are threatening to blockade her and to support Bulgarian claims against her territory. All this we report without comment because, in the Balkans, our sympathies are strictly neutral. Hitler is doing no worse there than the treaty-makers of Versailles.

Big Talk About Airplanes

Secretary Morgenthau has borrowed a bad habit from his chief. When Mr. Roosevelt some time ago announced that the United States intended to build 50,000 airplanes a year, a great many people no doubt settled back comfortably assuming that everything was certain to be all right. Now Mr. Morgenthau has come along to say that the British are to buy an extra 36,000 military airplanes in the United States and that the government will help them to do so. Yet in fact, it will be years before our total output of planes of all characters reaches 36,000 a year, to say nothing of 50,000, unless real preparations are made for mass production of somewhat inferior models. Even then, months would be required merely to get the program under way. This is no time to engender false optimism by sweeping and nearly meaningless statements. The worst of these, by the way, was Henry Ford's boast that he could make 1,000 planes a day. If he actually made one plane a day, he would at least be helping.

Flynn Again

In his "Other People's Money" in this week's issue John T. Flynn shows what seems to us an erroneous attitude toward the proposed Pan-American cartel to handle surplus commodities. He says it is the purpose of the Department of State to prevent South Americans from selling their goods to Germany—which alone provides the market they need. Apparently he never heard that the British fleet is doing that. He says the purpose of this government is not to aid South Americans but Britain. Would it not aid South Americans now if we bought their unsalable surpluses, and might not successful British resistance aid them later against Hitler's aggression?

Mr. Flynn fails to state that the ultimate purpose of the proposed cartel is not to withhold American crops from Europe, but to improve America's bargaining position in dealing with the new technique of monopolistic economic and political penetration, which is likely to continue, no matter who wins the war. Finally, Mr. Flynn asks where the money is to come from. He knows perfectly well that if it is not raised by taxation it can be borrowed by the Treasury. But on this subject he is as orthodox as the economists of Wall Street, whom on other grounds he delights to assail.

Bosses on the Bandwagon

The Charleston News and Courier does The New Republic the honor to administer to us a good scolding about once a week, thus giving us a pleasant sense of importance; we didn't know anybody cared that much. Their latest punishment is awarded on the ground that we have become "allies" of Mayor Kelly of Chicago and Mayor Hague of Jersey City. "A year or two ago," says The News and Courier, The New Republic and

The Nation "were filled with damnings of the 'dapper' Mr. Hague, but they have let him alone since he became one of the original New Dealers."

The New Republic printed all the facts about Mayor Hague at the time they were first brought to public view. Nothing additional has since been revealed, to our knowledge. However, to set at rest The News and Courier's jitters, let us say: we regard the Hague and Kelly machines as two of the worst and lowest manifestations of gangsterism in American politics. When we get more news about them we shall print it. We don't, however, propose to judge President Roosevelt solely by the fact that these gangs are hooking rides on the back of his bandwagon. Corrupt political machines are not the monopoly of the Democratic Party; there are plenty of them under Republican auspices. From the way The News and Courier talks about Mr. Roosevelt, we assume its editors intend to vote for Willkie. Are they prepared to abandon him because he is supported by the crooked Republican organizations in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and elsewhere?

Giving Coughlin the Air

Father Coughlin has been off the air for three months, but he plans to come back about thirty days before the national election. We don't know what he intends to say, but we know what he has said in the past and on that basis we are confident that he will exhibit economic illiteracy, violent and badly founded emotion, dubious Americanism and extraordinary tenderness toward Hitler and the Nazi way of life.

This fall, Father Coughlin will be sending out transcriptions of his speeches to be used by individual stations at any convenient time. So far as we can discover, no radio station in the New York City area will touch them, with the possible exception of a small one in Newark, New Jersey. Last year, Coughlin was on about forty stations all over the country. Nearly every one of them is a member of the National Association of Broadcasters, which has recently adopted a code that goes into effect this autumn. The code forbids the sale of time for presenting controversial issues, other than political broadcasts. It also says that

radio, which reaches men of all creeds and races, simultaneously, may not be used to convey attacks upon another's race or religion. Rather it should be the purpose of the religious broadcast to promote the spiritual harmony and understanding of mankind.

Does that sound like Coughlin to you? Keep an eye on your favorite radio station, see whether it broadcasts him, and if it does, ask the station, How come?

Unser Gott and Jehovah's Witnesses

Germany too has had her flag-salute cases, involving members of the sect known as Jehovah's Witnesses. In our issue of June 24 we reprinted the majority

opinion by Mr. Justice Frankfurter upholding the right of the local school authorities to require all students in publicly supported schools to salute the flag, and the minority opinion by Mr. Justice Stone which held that this measure was unnecessary and against sound public policy. One of our correspondents sends us a passage from *The Political Science Quarterly* (Fall, 1938) which ought to be pondered by the Justices of the Supreme Court:

... In the fall of 1937, the National Honor Court, affirming in principle the stand taken by the Honor Court for Saxony, held that members of a religious sect known as Jehovah's Witnesses, who for conscientious reasons refused to give the Hitler salute while at work and failed to hold their arms properly raised during the singing of patriotic Nazi songs at plant rallies, were guilty of a breach of social honor. Their non-coöperative attitude at Nazi functions and failure to show sufficient religious enthusiasm for National Socialism were regarded as endangering industrial peace and as a malicious disturbance of the spirit of the *Betriebsgemeinschaft*. By the time the case came up on appeal, the higher court found that the defendant had withdrawn from all participation in the work of Jehovah's Witnesses and gave promise of becoming a good Nazi; penalty was reduced to a "warning."

The United States Supreme Court and a Nazi court might come to different conclusions—or the same conclusion—for different reasons, which might be admirable in one case and not in the other. Yet we are sure that the majority members of our Court who concurred in the Frankfurter decision would be embarrassed to know that their attitude was in substance the same as that of the German tribunal.

Dred Scott on Relief

A highly significant legal decision received inadequate and generally misleading coverage in the newspapers last week. The New York State Court of Appeals sustained the decision of the Westchester County Court to send Rosario Chirillo, unemployed cobbler, and his family, back to Ohio, for having taken home relief before they had been residents of the state for one year. The defense argued that the law permitting the ousting of certain relief clients to their home state is unconstitutional as a violation of the citizen's right to residence under the Fourteenth Amendment, and that it didn't apply to Chirillo anyway as a legal resident. A majority of the court ignored the first issue and passed on the second. Thus the constitutionality of sending relief clients back to their home state has *not* been passed on by the Court of Appeals, and a contemplated appeal to the United States Supreme Court may not be possible. The issue is a delicate one. States with high relief standards have suffered for some time from an influx of unemployed "relief floaters," from less generous states, which is in effect a penalty on states with decent standards.

Obviously, this should be prevented. But deporting citizens from any state or community sets a risky precedent with dangerous implications. Rosario Chirillo is relatively unimportant, but this issue badly needs clarification by the courts.

Investigating the Joads

The larger problem of which the "relief floater" is only a part is now being investigated by a special committee of the House of Representatives, the Committee to Investigate the Interstate Migration of Destitute Citizens. Under Chairman Tolan of California, the committee will consider those migrants who follow seasonal industry or agriculture, those moving from the country into the towns, and those establishing residence in a new state. It is planned to hold field hearings in six sample cities, to illustrate such problems as the tractored-off migrants of the Dust Bowl, the movement into urban centers and the question of farm tenancy. Already the committee is investigating the agricultural migrants of New Jersey.

It is still too early to suggest remedial legislation, particularly since the committee itself does not know what it will find or what it will recommend. Representative Tolan, in an interview, has emphasized that the serious threat to American standards of living inherent in migration must be eliminated, but that it is essential to establish the superior rights of national citizenship as against citizenship in any specific state. This statement seems to us sound, and we hope Representative Tolan's committee will keep this dual need in mind.

Fires in the Piney Woods

A surprisingly large number of forest fires are deliberately set by people who gain no material advantage from doing so. The Science News Letter reports a study made for the Forest Service by Dr. John P. Shea, in Southern forest areas that contain many thousands of Americans living in great poverty and under conditions of utter boredom. They are underfed, badly clothed and housed, have few recreations and normally they hardly ever see a stranger. Investigation of large numbers of cases by sociological and psychological experts shows that nine out of ten forest fires in such areas are deliberately set. The excuse given is to make better pasture or better berry picking, to kill snakes, destroy boll weevil or keep down the ticks, but Dr. Shea believes the real reason is that fires are exciting, dramatic; they create sudden and striking changes in the landscape; they bring in numerous strangers with novel fire-fighting gadgets.

Dr. Shea thinks the number of pyromaniacs can be cut down by giving the people something to do. He suggests community centers for movies and dances. Horseshoe-pitching, shooting ranges, 4-H Clubs, local fish-and-game organizations would help. Considering

the drabness of life in the piney woods, the experiment should be worth trying for other reasons besides saving our forests.

Notes on National Defense

Many if not most of the country's heads of community organizations, one of them reports, have been placed on an emergency-duty list by the government. And our spy in the felt industry says Washington has put in an order for 3,500,000 felt linings for metal hats.

A friend on a St. Petersburg, Florida, daily reports that a rural defend-America home guard has been formed at the town of Oldsmar; that it has reported "stopping several threats"; and that its founders hope the idea will sweep the country. He says it seems both earnest and honest so far, but might turn into a money-making racket—and what an opportunity for some ten-cent Hitler to get quietly in and go places.

Short-short-short Story: Lafe Collins (that isn't his name) was head of the American Legion Post in a New England college town; in fact his whole profession was being a heroic veteran of the World War. Two weeks ago he received notice that, as a reserve officer, he was being called for active service. He went upstairs and shot himself.

News Notes of a Week

Plans were made by the Hitler-Pétain government to try at least eight former Ministers, including ex-Premiers Daladier, Reynaud and Blum, on charges of "bringing about France's military disaster." . . . The Soviet Union, with slightly less usable seacoast than Greece, was planning to build a navy second to none. . . . The All-India Congress renounced Gandhi's policy of non-violence and offered full war aid to Britain in exchange for independence. . . . A prospective Nazi coup in Afghanistan was rumored. . . . The mystery of who shot at Leon Trotsky, which made recurrent headlines when Trotsky accused practically every progressive and radical leader in Mexico, seemed closer to a solution. Mexican officials were trying to locate David Alfaro Siqueiros, Rivera's rival as a muralist and Trotsky's political opponent, who has been charged with shooting at Trotsky and later killing his bodyguard.

Joe Curran, head of the National Maritime Union, was accused of being a Communist. He and the Communist Party denied it. . . . It was quite hot. . . . The Department of Justice began prosecution for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act against eight major tobacco companies and their affiliates. . . . Three Spanish Loyalist soldiers now in the United States were saved from deportation to Spain by emergency Mexican visas. . . . An "independent voter with absolutely no political affiliations but tremendous admiration for WENDELL L. WILLKIE" advertised his "over-

whelming desire to drive to Elwood, Indiana, for official acceptance address." The least Mr. Willkie can say to him afterwards is, "Ohm, James." . . . Did we say it was hot?

The Americas United

THE SUCCESS of Secretary Hull's mission at the Inter-American conference at Havana, in spite of what looked at the beginning like insuperable obstacles, is an example of what may be done in foreign affairs by an active policy when it is based on reality, implemented by a detailed program, and pushed with a vigor that indicates to everyone concerned that we mean business. The United States possesses immense economic and financial power, one of the biggest navies in the world and large potential military strength. When our leading statesmen were lecturing the world, without carrying the conviction that they were going to do anything about their moral sentiments, words had precisely no effect. But when it is believed that we are prepared to act, and act appropriately, the policies we favor are more likely to prevail.

Many of the Latin American governments were, to be sure, as much concerned as this country about the totalitarian menace, and some wanted to go even further than our own delegation in certain matters. It was not the fact that we bullied any of them into surrender, or that the policy adopted is in any way contrary to their interest. But there were in most of these nations factions favorable to Hitler and Mussolini, considerations of prudence as to what might happen if the dictators won, and a discouraged readiness to believe that the words of the democracies, though they might be full of sound and fury, signified nothing. Previous Pan-American conferences have often been polite discussions concerned with abstract principles that had no bite because they involved little in the way of concrete result. This time, however, the proposals favored by the President and Secretary Hull apparently convinced such of the other delegations as were reluctant that they could safely endorse the program—that, indeed, they would be far less safe in taking an independent line. Thus there was a willingness to compromise on controversial issues for the sake of unified action. The Americas were ready to follow a strong lead.

Certain adventitious aids undoubtedly contributed to this result. The presumptuous action of Franco's Spain in trying to punish Chile for extending diplomatic immunity to Spanish Loyalists put the Latin Americans on notice that the European fascists intended to interfere with their sovereignty and bully them into submission. Funk's explanation of the German post-war trade program with its implied threats concerning those who refused to comply, was hardly reassuring. And,

on account of the measures proposed by this country, acceptance of Germany's terms was not the only practical alternative. When it came to a sharp choice, even Argentina decided it was the part of wisdom to solidify the American bloc rather than isolate herself to play a lone hand against Nazi economic penetration.

It is true that the Act of Havana must be ratified by the governments of some of the nations concerned before it formally takes effect, and that the Argentinians explicitly declared this necessity. But unanimous acceptance of the principles at the conference is more significant than it might appear, because future unanimity is not, according to the text, a requirement for action, as it has been in Pan-American agreements of the past. The committee representing the twenty-one republics, to which executive authority is delegated, is empowered to decide by a two-thirds vote, and this committee can be summoned by any one of the participating nations. Furthermore, in case of emergency any single nation may itself prevent the transfer of European-owned colonies in this hemisphere, without waiting for the committee's approval. Thus the United States could, if need arose, take over French or Dutch colonies, under the sanction of the Pan-American doctrine, simultaneously asking the committee to approve the action. Failure to approve would be unlikely.

Comparison will surely be made between the new method of dealing with transferred colonies and that set up under the League of Nations in the form of mandates. The Pan-American plan is a tremendous advance over the League system. The government of any colony taken over is not assigned to a single nation as under the League, but to the international organization as a whole. Elaborate safeguards are provided for retaining the local laws and systems, and the way is left open to grant independence and self-government rather than returning the colony in question to its original owner, if the population prefers. No nation can derive exclusive profit from restrictions on trade or finance.

The resolution covering the treatment of surpluses is one that leaves the way open to action, rather than specifying in detail what action is to be taken. After a declaration in favor of liberal trade principles, it recognizes the necessity of emergency action, sets up an Inter-American Economic and Financial Consultative Committee, charges it to do what it can to increase internal consumption of surplus commodities, increase consumption of one another's surpluses, and make plans for storage, financing and temporary disposition of such surpluses as remain. The resources of the Inter-American Bank and the Inter-American Development Commission are called upon to aid this endeavor.

It is universally understood that most of the capital and the initiative for this type of activity must come from the United States. Our task is to act in such a way as to put reality into the resolution. But we have

a free field in which to undertake an enormous and intricate planned program, including not only the proposed international cartel for agricultural commodities but a rational economic development of the hemisphere. This would not be under private imperialist auspices but under international supervision and with governmental resources. Here is a chance to apply, in a region not torn by war and ancient enmities, the principles of development that progressives in Britain and elsewhere have been advocating for the backward regions of Europe. The resolution is a challenge to imagination and energy; the program outlined is a real answer to Germany's methods of nationalistic exploitation in foreign trade, not just a descent to her level.

The Secretary of State and his collaborators have done a magnificent job. We have won genuine leadership in Latin America after many years of suspicion on the part of our neighbors and stupidity and greed on ours. But we are on probation, and must make good in order to retain the unity achieved. It must be proved by test that international coöperation for the general welfare offers more than acceptance of the enemy's bribes. The American people must, through their government, back the Department of State by authorizing the measures by which it will be necessary to follow through.

Ford, Dallas and the Truth

WHAT DID the Ford Motor Company do to its employees in Dallas, Texas, when it suspected them of wanting to organize? In two articles in *The New Republic* for May 20 and 27, 1940, Charles R. Walker summarized and quoted from about one million words of testimony given in hearings on this subject before the National Labor Relations Board. This testimony showed that the Ford strong-arm squad in Dallas was instructed to beat up persons suspected of favoring unionism. One man, who was attacked through mistaken identity, subsequently died, and others were cruelly maltreated in what amounted to a reign of terror.

A *New Republic* reader wrote to William J. Cameron, of the Ford entourage, and asked him about these charges. Mr. Cameron has not answered a request from *The New Republic* for permission to print his letter, and we therefore cannot quote it verbatim. In substance, however, Mr. Cameron accused *The New Republic* of habitually lying about Mr. Ford, and said the Ford men are free to join any union they like and that the trouble at Dallas was a dispute between two union groups, neither of which contained any Ford employees.

The substance of Mr. Cameron's defense was communicated to Mr. Walker, the author of our articles, who makes this comment:

Mr. Cameron's dusty alibi that the violence documented in the two New Republic articles, "The Ford Way of Doing Business," occurred between two union groups, neither of which included any Ford men, is singularly inappropriate in this case. Of all the federal government's investigations into the Ford labor policy, the NLRB's "Ford Dallas case" is distinguished for the testimony of former Ford employees, from production workers to high officials, that they ordered and committed acts of violence against union men, against union sympathizers and against American citizens who were neither. Significantly, Mr. Cameron makes no effort to refute any of the specific charges made by the National Labor Relations Board against Ford, which were substantiated in *public* hearings over many weeks. He falls back on a rhetorical question, saying in effect: when did The New Republic ever print a word of truth about Mr. Ford? Mr. Cameron's quarrel is not with The New Republic. He should complain to Mr. Ford's highly paid attorneys who in a record of more than a million words were unable to refute the sworn testimony of government witnesses.

At a time when the United States is preparing to defend itself against totalitarian forces, it is important that all police-ruled industries which resort to terror, law-breaking and the suppression of citizens' rights—as the record indicates Mr. Ford has done in the conduct of his business—be thoroughly exposed in the interest of national defense.

The Ford Dallas case is still pending before the National Labor Relations Board. When its decision is handed down we promise our readers—and Mr. Cameron—to return to the subject.

Make 'Em Give a List

FROM NOW until election time you are going to hear the New Deal denounced, and denounced by experts. But what is the New Deal exactly? It is not any one thing, but a group of projects, laws, institutions and bureaus. Mr. Stuart Chase recently prepared a list of some of the better known enterprises that are grouped under this label:

Various banking laws to insure deposits, prevent insolvencies, make the Federal Reserve System more flexible, devalue the dollar, go off gold.

The operations of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in underwriting railroads, banks, insurance companies. (Started by Mr. Hoover.)

Two great credit corporations which took over private mortgages on the homes of several million urban and rural householders.

The Holding Company Act, designed to restrict corporation pyramids of the Insull variety.

The Securities and Exchange Commission, designed primarily to protect investors.

The Public Works Administration, which advances money to states and cities for schools, highways, hospitals, docks, tunnels and other public improvements.

The Work Projects Administration, which employs workers who would otherwise need relief allowances.

Various conservation and flood-control projects—multiple-purpose dams, the Central Valley of California project, Grand Coulee, Boulder Dam; the TVA—a huge experiment in regional planning.

The CCC camps for 300,000 young men.

The Rural Electrification Administration. Cheap power for farmers.

The vast agricultural program for keeping farmers afloat, with subsidies, conservation payments, marketing facilities, credit. This includes the Farm Security Administration, with its aid to down-and-out farmers, and the food-stamp plan, now distributing surplus foodstuffs in more than 100 cities.

The housing program, primarily for low-income groups.

The youth program, to find work or schools for unemployed young people.

The Wagner Act to encourage collective bargaining, and the National Labor Relations Board to administer the act.

The Wages and Hours Act.

The Social Security Act, providing old-age pensions and unemployment insurance.

The control of the bituminous-coal industry.

The enforcement of anti-trust laws under Thurman Arnold. Its aim: lower prices, more production.

The Hull trade treaties.

The Good Neighbor policy toward Latin America.

The encouragement of musicians, painters, actors, through the various Federal Arts Projects.

The statistical and economic studies of the National Resources Committee and the TNEC. Their problem: why are we in this jam and how can we get out of it?

Next time you hear an orator gulping for wind as he anathematizes the New Deal, we suggest (a) that you ask him to recite this list from memory and (b) that you also ask him just which measures he would modify or destroy, and how and why. You won't get a candid answer, of course, but it may be fun. And it won't do the anti-New Dealer any harm.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Supreme Court Today

A PRESIDENT, as well as a general, may lose a battle and win a campaign. In his fight to unpack the Supreme Court, Mr. Roosevelt failed to attain his major objective. But he drove forward dangerous salients which put the whole defense in jeopardy. As the current term ends, the lines of his judicial victory stand out sharply.

A serious political malady had provoked the attack. A bench of judges had confused their office with that of the legislature, converted questions of policy into legalistic issues, became so expert in interpreting the Constitution that they could dispense with the text. Acts of judicial violence had made the avenues of litigation unsafe for New Deal measures. The Four Horsemen—Van Devanter, McReynolds, Sutherland, Butler, JJ.—made up “murderers’ row,” always ready, with the help of Hughes and/or Roberts, to block the wheels of government. Although the going-off-gold sneaked by, and the TVA was given a reprieve, the threat of an American House of Lords was imminent.

Yet, when the Senate decided that nine Justices were quite enough, all was not lost. Many witnesses rallied to the integrity of the Court but few to the defense of such a bench. Instead a general criticism provoked an urge within the Court to amend its own mind. It engendered a climate within which it became safe for the Court radically to break with its immediate past. And an act of Congress, providing full pay for honorific service, allowed a gracious withdrawal to jurists who had outstayed their usefulness.

Abrupt as the change has been, it has its well defined stages. It began amid the heat of debate over the President’s bill. On his way to Damascus, Mr. Justice Roberts—the ninth member of an otherwise equally divided Court—saw a great light, shifted sides and touched off a legal revolution. His vote took from the minimum wage the taint of un-con-stitution-al-i-ty which his vote had placed there a year before. Federal authority, likewise, wrapped itself in amplitude before his new vision. So a power of Congress, nonexistent twelve months earlier in regard to railway pensions and bituminous coal, now easily comprehended labor relations and social security. The New Deal found a friend at court, states’ rights passed into eclipse, laissez-faire began to fade from the Constitution.

The attack of the Old Guard was stopped; an advance had still to wait. New faces meant new views as well as new votes; but time was required to convert changes of personnel into a reformed “opinion of the Court.” As the first stalwart departed to the right and the first new appointee entered from the left, Mr. Justice Brandeis was pushed over into the center. For a

time a Wilsonian liberalism prevailed, with Mr. Justice Black unable to do more than point fresh paths in solo dissent. As new members kept coming, a group of kindred voices, not yet a chorus, found expression in a medley of opinion, separate concurrence, dissent. It was not until the recent term was well under way that harmony came to mark the concert of wills and of votes. But, as the new bench found its stride, it spoke for the Court. More often than not Stone went along, Hughes was reluctant to dissent, Roberts wore out his new light only slowly, McReynolds alone was left in splendid isolation. Mischief sanctified by time was speedily undone; rulings sustained by specious dialectic were overthrown; backward decisions too strongly entrenched for frontal attack were outflanked. The pace was so swift that Thomas Reed Powell, the dean of Constitutional Law, watched the clock on decision days lest he be overruled before his lecture was done.

The very design of dissent reveals a new Court, new trends, a new path for the law. In the gold-clause cases, Mr. Justice McReynolds exclaimed, “The Constitution is dead.” Its vitality seems inexhaustible, for it has been slain again and again by his new brethren and his protest has lapsed into the morbid line, “Mr. Justice McReynolds, dissenting.” The phrase appeared thirty-two times during the latest term, but the exact figure is of little significance. If it is not larger, the reason is lack of opportunity rather than failure in inclination. By contrast, two of the new Justices dissented in only three cases each. These figures are enough to reveal the sweep of the drama, even if not to record its colorful detail.

In one sense, the great taboo, the Constitution, is dead; in another it lives again. Within eight months three state statutes and five city ordinances were struck down in the name of the higher law. In addition, three convictions in state court were set aside as a violation of due process. The thrust was at the third degree, the denial of free speech, the guarantee of civil liberties. To the Court falls “the delicate and difficult task” of appraising “the reasons advanced in support of the regulation of free enjoyment of these rights” (Mr. Justice Roberts, in *Schneider v. New Jersey*). “Courts stand against any winds that blow as a haven of refuge for those who might otherwise suffer because they are helpless, weak, outnumbered, or because they are non-conforming victims of prejudice and public excitement” (Mr. Justice Black in *Chambers v. Florida*). The bill of rights has been read into the Fourteenth Amendment.

But, as civil rights have moved in, freedom of contract has deserted the verbal premises. Due process is

no longer employed to give to business immunity from regulation. Instead a clean-cut separation of powers is decreed: the Court is to stick to its business of litigation; the arrangements under which our economy carries on are for the legislature. "The courts must not substitute their notions of expediency and fairness for those which have guided the agencies" to which "policy has been entrusted" (Mr. Justice Frankfurter, in *Railroad Commission of Texas v. Rowan and Nichols Oil Company*). In such matters, "if we attempted to appraise" we would "be trespassing on the legislative domain" (Mr. Justice Douglas, in *Sunshine Anthracite Oil Company v. Adkins*). Even where the issue is no more than construing the words of a statute, the bench must bend every effort to find the true legislative intent; meaning "can only be derived from a considered weighing of every relevant aid to construction" (Mr. Justice Murphy, in *United States v. Dickerson*).

Thus a roster of statutes, state and federal, have been upheld against attack upon the economic level. With one lone exception, acts of the legislatures have been sustained, many at the expense of established doctrines. A veritable catalogue of state taxes, with peculiarities of assessment, unique schemes of classification, out-of-the-state complications, have all been upheld against claims of "deprivation of property," "denial of equal protection," "burden upon interstate commerce." Virginia may require insurance companies to pay commissions to local agents, even if they have not written the policies; Minnesota may place the irresponsible in sexual matters behind prison walls; Texas may exempt farmers from its own anti-trust law—all of these are proper exercises of the police power. An Arkansas tax on all the gasoline in your car in excess of twenty gallons as you enter the state was struck down. It was the only defeat suffered by a state legislature during the term. An equally wide latitude has been accorded the discretion of Congress. A little while ago the old court destroyed a bituminous-coal act. The new court, by an ingenious flanking movement, has found federal regulation of the industry, price-fixing and all, quite valid.

Likewise, in construing acts of Congress, the Court has been mindful of its own self-denying ordinance. In five cases attempts have been made to narrow the scope or shorten the reach of the anti-trust laws. In the Madison oil case, the companies admitted collusion but argued "the rule of reason"; the Court retorted that the power to fix prices was enough to convict. In the ethyl-gasoline case, the company pleaded as a sanction "the exclusive rights" conferred by its patents; the Court found in a grant of patent no indulgence to a scheme of price-fixing. In the Chicago milk case, it was insisted that the Agricultural Marketing Act has superseded the Sherman Act; the retort was "If Congress had desired to grant any further immunity, Congress doubtless would have said so" (Mr. Chief

Justice Hughes in *U. S. v. the Borden Company*). In the American Medical Association case, the Circuit Court found that doctors enjoyed no benefit of clergy and must go to trial; the Supreme Court refused to disturb the ruling. In the Apex Hosiery case, the Court agreed that the process of collective bargaining, even when attended by violence, was a matter of local policy; but as a party to a "commercial conspiracy," it refused to make an exception of labor. Anti-trust is a general law; immunity is for the explicit say-so of Congress. To apply the law is the Court's concern; matters of policy lie beyond its office.

The lines of the new attack stand out even in a highly technical field such as income taxation. Here the cases come along in never ending parade; and, at every opportunity, the Court has erased fine distinctions, demolished esoteric dialectic, torn away corporate veils, looked to the realities of transactions. As a result an ingenious mosaic of theology is being swept into the discard; and for the first time in its history, the law of the income tax begins to stand out as a simple, clean-cut, consistent body of judicial utterances.

The same forbearance, fortified by the creative touch, is accorded the administrative process. In our government the administrative agency is new; it finds no warrant in the Constitution; its rationale rests upon nothing more basic than sheer necessity. As an upstart, charged with discretion in important matters, it has seemed to invade the judicial domain. Its acts have inspired suspicion, aroused jealousy, provoked resistance from members of the bench. A little while ago ominous words came from Olympus; questions of fact were converted into issues of law; notice, hearing, due process were elaborated into a rubric of severities. Boards and commissions were in terror as to their every step. The current bench has brought a belated recognition to the character of the administrative task. Where the Court once strove to become overlord to all the agencies of government, it is now concerned to ensure to each independence in the performance of its specified task.

Where once it sought to extend judicial review, it now reprimands lower courts for interference with the administrative process. In a couple of NLRB cases, the Court accepted appeal because of the opportunity offered to lecture the judges below upon exceeding their powers. Orders had been set aside for want of support by "substantial evidence." The report was, "Congress has deemed it wise to entrust the finding of facts to their specialized agencies" and "it is essential that courts regard this division of responsibility" (Mr. Justice Black, in *NLRB v. Waterman S. S. Company*). In four other cases the Court has sustained the same agency against attempts to undermine the Wagner Act through judicial construction. All orders of the ICC have been upheld; in one a consolidation of railroads was approved with the proviso that the equities of

workers in their jobs be safeguarded during the process. A lower court was reproved for imposing judicial review upon the FCC. The Commission "should be free to fashion their own rules of procedure and to pursue methods of inquiry capable of permitting them to discharge their multifarious duties." No longer are courts "charged with the general guardianship against all potential mischief in the complicated tasks of government" and their "interference" is "not conducive to the development of habits of responsibility" (Mr. Justice Frankfurter, in *FCC v. Peltsville Broadcasting Company*). While Congress seems intent to sabotage its own act, the Court has become best friend to the NLRB.

Nor has the Court been unmindful of the enigma of a national economy and the federal system. The Justices are well aware of the continental character of our industrial system; they know that if commerce is not a seamless web, the seams do not often break along state boundaries. To them it would be the height of unreality to separate nation and state by a sharp line and to make each supreme within its own domain. A contribution, perhaps its most distinctive contribution, has been the erection of a formula for resolving this old conflict. State acts are not to be struck down in the name of a power of Congress which has not been exercised. If Congress and the state have both acted, an attempt will be made to reconcile the statutes. If clearly they are in conflict, the act of Congress must be given precedence.

As yet the formula has not been put to full use, but the trend is clear. The Court will brook no act that strikes at the heart of the federal system; but it will tolerate no conceptual rigmarole invented to escape responsibility to government. Nor will it allow either "states' rights" or "interstate commerce" to become judicial rhetoric for "laissez-faire." It was not the purpose of the commerce clause to "relieve those engaged in interstate commerce of their just share of the state tax burdens" (Mr. Justice Stone, in *McGoldrick v. Berwind-White Coal Mining Company*). An ideal, unrealized but clearly in the offing, makes Congress the court of appeal from the vexatious medley of multiple taxation. "Judicial control," from "the inherent limitations of the judicial process," must "treat the subject by the hit-or-miss method of deciding single controversies" by resort to "the narrow rules of litigation." Congress alone—not the courts—can "devise a national policy fair alike to the states and to our Union" (Black, Frankfurter and Douglas, JJ., dissenting in *McCarrall v. Dixie Greyhound Lines*).

Thus, as the months have passed and bit by bit has fallen into place, a consistent pattern becomes visible. It is the creation of a group who come to their task fresh from public life. The President's appointees are eminent lawyers, skilled in their art. In all the reports

no volumes present a more skillful display of the technology of the law than those in which the work of this term is recorded. Yet it is the recent contact of jurists with everyday life which gives character to their work. Black came to the bench with an intimate understanding of the work of the legislature; Douglas, with a wide experience with the administrative process. Frankfurter had for decades watched with a critical eye the operation of the Court upon which he now sits; Reed, as Solicitor General, saw all the New Deal cases as matters of humanity and public policy, before a reactionary bench had frozen them into stereotyped dooms. Murphy has been an executive who has made no secret of the low value he sets upon legal law.

There are, of course, still dangers along the judicial front. The Court may affect to put off their preferences when they put on their robes. But, as their emotions are stirred, nothing that moves on the legal level is likely to stay their judgment. Already Mr. Justice Frankfurter has been heroically saving America from a couple of school children whose devotion to Jehovah would have been compromised by a salute to the flag. In the process he discovered, though he piled up words to hide it, that religious liberty is a local question. The phrase "situations like the present"—the inevitable salute to surrender—touches off wonder as to how far in a period of crisis the bench will stick to its convictions. The humility which newcomers profess for the Court came into their schemes-of-value before they were connected with it. As senator, professor, governor, commissioner, solicitor general, each had felt the impact of a judiciary off its beat. As personal experience recedes and men of affairs gradually become jurists, there is no positive guarantee against changing perspectives. Olympus has its rarefied atmosphere and takes captive all who sojourn there. Convictions imported from the wide, wide world fade into abstraction and omniscience; or, congealed into principles, they become obstacles to a law which is on its way.

At the moment, however, it is rather for us to rejoice over the going than to become fearful of a retreat. Never in its history has the Court so searchingly pondered its office, asked what matters lay within its distinctive competence, insisted that unsuited tasks be left to other agencies. Never, since the Civil War, has the separation of powers between the legislature and the judiciary been so sharply marked. Never, in the work of any term, has there been so manifest a spirit of critical awareness, which exposes fictions, refuses to be taken in by ingenious logomachy, and elevates the spirit above the letter of the law. The Court has created doctrine which stands in the way of its own lapse into legalism. There will be other judicial struggles and a victory that endures must be repeatedly won. But, as for the President's court fight, the returns are now in, and the result is a return to judicial sanity.

WALTON HAMILTON and GEORGE BRADEN

Strategist of Terror

AFTER LIVING in a state of terror for ten months, timidly guessing at the nature of Hitler's secret weapon, Britons are now told that this weapon is nothing but the state in which they live. It has been skillfully generated by the Nazis, who have introduced into modern warfare what Edmond Taylor calls the "strategy of terror."

This may be a most efficient weapon—but it is certainly not secret. On September 6, 1933, the Berlin correspondent of *The London Times* cabled a long story describing Germany's psychological rearmament. At about the same time, Leland Stowe discovered it in a dispatch to *The New York Herald Tribune*. Both reports were based on an obscure little manual, "*Wehrwissenschaft*," by Ewald Hermann August Banse, a free-lance geographer turned military scientist.

Paradoxically, this strategist of terror was a simple civilian with no military training. Frustration and disappointment caused by Germany's defeat in the First World War had driven him into an amateurish but rampant belligerency. So Banse, the author of twenty-nine volumes on geography, geology, expressionism and travels in the Near East, wrote two little books on psychological warfare, which were to provide the Nazis with a blueprint for conquest.

However, seven years ago, the world refused to become aroused over such seemingly fantastic trivia as psychological warfare. For her part, Germany was anxious to placate potential appeasers. Banse's ideas were branded "senseless babblings of an irresponsible theorist," and his books were banned in Germany. The *London Times* welcomed this Nazi gesture as a "convincing proof of Herr Hitler's peaceable intentions."

Of course, only the books were banned in Germany. Banse's theories remained in circulation. More than that: Hitler ordered the establishment of a special board of military experts to realize the essential ideas of Professor Banse. It was a semi-secret organization, called the Society for Military Policy and Military Sciences, headed by General Kochenhausen—with Ewald Banse as its brain trust.

On September 3, 1933, Banse addressed the first conclave of the Society. "Both in war and peace," he said, "the Higher Command must always treat the psychological as the most important factor, even more important than arms and equipment, since war is an affair of morale in which the nation with the stouter heart succeeds."

Today it is highly instructive to survey the ideas which the Society was called upon to realize. Its task was to prepare the psychological conduct of the next war by imbuing the Germans with an ebullient spirit

of belligerency while diminishing the same spirit in Germany's potential enemies.

Banse began by classifying all human beings into three distinctly different categories of martial virtue. There was the active warlike man, whom he called the stormer; the passive warlike man, or sticker; and the pacifist, or scuttler.

According to Banse's definition, the stormer is the man who lives only to fight. "For him," he wrote, "the battle is the everlasting yea, the fulfilment and justification of existence." It is hardly necessary to say that he considered the Germans the true prototypes of this category.

The sticker, represented by Anglo-Saxons on both sides of the Atlantic, fights only to live. He rages at being compelled to fight, but once he is at it, "he digs himself in with stoical determination and hangs on to the end."

The pacifist, represented by southern Frenchmen and all Italians, is a pitiful type. He is timid, lacks organization and is militarily incompetent. "Peace is the only state for which he is fitted," Banse wrote with contempt, and added that the scuttler would rather endure humiliation, including loss of liberty, than go forth to fight. Of the Italians Banse has this to say:

Their natural timidity and caution do not cease with their neutrality, but are carried over into their war policy; in their mobilization and opening maneuvers, and in their subsequent operations, too, they are every whit as timid and hesitating, always afraid that they might suffer more damage from the enemy than do their allies.

These are spiritual virtues or defects, but to Banse's mind they, and not physical capabilities, determine the psychological make-up of a nation. He predicted that "the coming war, the great war that will decide the fate of the German people, will ultimately be fought out deep in the souls of the belligerent nations." Note the similarity of this language to Hitler's Order of the Day, with which he started the Western offensive on May 10, 1940.

Proceeding from these tenets, Ewald Banse worked out an applied national psychology as a weapon of war. His primary war weapon is propaganda, designed to alter the mental attitudes of the warring nations. Banse summed up this strategy in these words:

It is essential to attack the enemy nation in its weak spot (and what nation has not its weak spots?), to undermine, crush, break down its resistance and convince it that it is being deceived, misled and brought to destruction by its own government, in order that it may lose confidence in the justice of its cause and that thus the opposition at

home (and what nation is without one?) may raise its head and make trouble more successfully than before. The originally well knit, solid, powerful fabric of the enemy nation must be gradually disintegrated, broken down, rotted, so that it falls to pieces like a fungus when one treads on it in a wood.

These lines were written on September 2, 1932, and a little less than eight years later they became the "secret weapon" which defeated France in forty-three days. They were translated and even published by the French General Staff in 1934. Is it really possible that Pétain, Weygand and Laval knew nothing about Banse's strategy of disintegration?

After thus establishing his basic theory, Banse went on to translate strategy into tactics. The result was a more efficient form of Ludendorff's total war—the total-total war. It may be described as the catch-as-catch-can version of modern warfare, designed to spread horror in the enemy trenches and behind the lines with such non-military methods as, for example, the "prolonged assault of noise," one of the most important weapons in Ewald Banse's arsenal.

The idea of playing on human nerves appealed to Hitler. Although Banse lacked an academic degree and had no military training, Hitler appointed him professor of Military Science at the college of his native Brunswick, and then at the excellent Hanover Institute of Technology. The latter soon became the research center of the new military science. Banse became associated with Dr. Simoneit, director of the War Ministry's own psychological institute, and Colonel von Voss, organizer of Germany's army psychology.

The idea for this fiendish "military science" came to Banse over thirty years ago, during his travels in the

Near East. He studied the methodical warfare of Bedouin tribes and observed that these native warriors dashed into battle shouting the names of their sweet-hearts and the name of Allah. He was impressed, not with the individual heroism of Arab fighters, but with the deafening noise they made. He realized that often weaker tribes triumphed over stronger adversaries only because they yelled louder.

With memories of Arabia's vociferous warfare in mind, Banse conceived the idea of an attacking force composed of "psychological stormers." This he now claims to be the modern counterpart of the old German phalanx of kinsmen, which often charged the enemy chained together.

On Banse's advice, the German General Staff recruited a special force of shock troops. They were equipped with firecrackers attached to their steel helmets, rattles, tom-toms, castanets and other noise-making devices. Just when they were to go over the top, distracting enemy lines with the earsplitting rat-a-tat of their rattles, the crackers were to explode, flooding the stormers with a ghastly light. Such an attack in the best Banse manner was graphically described in a Paris dispatch to The New York Times. It resulted in the capture of Fort 505 near Montmédy, the first actual break through the main Maginot Line. The rolling, rumbling, drumming, rattling, human fireworks drove the poilus into a panic before a shot was fired.

Similar tactics were tried on Britons in Flanders, but they failed because of the stronger nerves of the Anglo-Saxon "stickers." The Tommies were amused rather than frightened by these yelling and flaming Germans who approached them with awful grimaces on their faces and oversized rattles in their hands. Captain Stothard, an annalist of the BEF, nicknamed these psychological stormers "extras in the Banse Follies."

Similar devices, on a larger scale, are the screaming aerial bombs, the tanks throwing ghastly greenish flames, and the sirens attached to dive bombers. The Nazis also use stentorian loud speakers through which ponderous basses admonish enemy soldiers to lay down their arms, and magic lanterns with which they project apparitions onto drifting clouds at night.

This war of noise and ghastliness is only one of Professor Banse's many martial innovations. He is best known for his spirited advocacy of germ warfare, originally designed to vanquish Britain or the Soviet Union with a lightning attack of synthetic pestilence. In 1931, Banse prepared a long memorandum on germ warfare and submitted it to Adolf Hitler, then only Führer of the Nazi opposition party. Hitler was so impressed that he forwarded the memorandum to President Hindenburg, who threw it into the wastepaper basket.

The plan was also included in Banse's "Wehrwissenschaft." Commenting on the League of Nations' condemnation of germ warfare, he said that "the infection of drinking water with typhoid bacillus and the dis-



"I'm afraid this place, too, has suffered a fascist invasion, Captain."

semination of plague through artificially infected fleas and rats is as justifiable an instrument of war as the cannon." This, together with other Banse novelties, is kept in reserve in the new German strategy. A recent Tass dispatch from Moscow seems to indicate that the Nazis are saving them for the war against the Soviet Union.

Ewald Banse's *pièce de résistance* is his elaborate plan for the invasion of Britain. This he discussed at considerable length and with obvious gusto in his second book, "Raum und Volk im Weltkrieg" (Space and Nation in the World War). He even provided a map showing the best routes of attack for an invading force. He was almost sentimental when he wrote: "We confess that it is charming to imagine and to portray the downfall of this proud and secure people at some future time; a people which will have to obey foreign masters in a country unconquered since 1066, or will have to renounce its lucrative colonial empire."

If Hitler were merely the executor of Banse's plans, the invasion might be carried out along the following lines:

First, considerable numbers of Nazi troops, including psychological stormers, will be landed at Belfast Lough and Dublin Bay. The bulk of the troops will be left there to protect these bases; the stormers will be ferried in speed boats to Glasgow and Liverpool while others come from the Dutch and Belgian Channel ports, protected by long-range artillery firing from Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne.

The task of the stormers will be limited to spreading horror and destruction, instead of actually capturing

and holding Britain. The latter is considered an impossible feat even by Banse. He places the Briton among the stickers, and writes: "It is perhaps in defense that his special virtues shine most brightly." But he expects that recurrent raids of psychological stormers would gradually weaken British resistance so that Anglo-Saxon tenacity would break down.

The whole plan culminates in an airtight blockade which would administer the *coup de grâce*. A nation traditionally accustomed to regular meals and good food cannot endure starvation, no matter how tenacious and determined a sticker it may be. Thus Banse concludes his scheme on the optimistic note that Britain can be broken down by hunger rather than through actual force of arms. This would be the climax to his strategy of terror, designed to create a "Third Reich as we dream of it, from the Flanders coast to the Raab, from Memel to the Adige, born in blood and iron."

Banse's plans to crush resistance by civilians are no less thorough. However, they need no description. We have witnessed them in action in Norway, Belgium and France, where everything went like clockwork. It is a testimonial to Banse's realism that he never expected to undermine the British home front with such methods, designed exclusively for scuttlers, as "defeatist propaganda conveyed from mouth to mouth with the help of native agents." It is not the British morale but the British stomach that he plans to cripple. With France defeated, this last phase of the Banse program is about to begin. LADISLAS FARAGO

Amy Lowell

AMY LOWELL'S FORCE OF WILL, the secret of her success and failure, was her most markedly racial characteristic. For this was the Yankee will, and she won her victories by it, and she largely failed by this will in her life as a poet. Too much of her poetry sprang from the will, not the poet. But there was no doubt about the will. She was a Lowell and a Lawrence, and she liked to run things, whether fleets of clipper-ships or colleges or towns; and, having the taste, she had the capacity, as dozens of the Lowells had. She ran right well whatever she chose to run. She was a born promoter, as masterful as her forbears were, and the shrewdest of salesmen also, like the old China traders; and, seeing that America was giving birth to a first-rate product, she put her shoulder to the wheel and pushed it on the market. The product was American poetry, which was plainly on the rise again and which she handled like any other "big business." Was it good, bad or indifferent? What did it matter? It was good in bulk, and that was the point.

It was another form of Standard Oil; and Miss Lowell set out to put it "on the map," as others had put salvation or woman's suffrage. Agassiz, in just this wholesale fashion, had put natural science on the American map; and this required perception, in his case as in hers. For Miss Lowell had perception, just as her grandfather's cousin had had it when he saw that American poetry was on the rise and wrote his "Fable for Critics" in the eighteen forties.¹ What scorn she felt for those who did not have it!—for the "caged warblers" and "phonograph" poets who thought they still lived in Victorian times, for those whose work was not their own but echoes, for those who cowered in ivory towers and never looked out of the window, for those who praised the glories of old New England and could

¹ With less concentration of energy, James Russell Lowell had performed a similar role as the impresario of this earlier movement. Amy Lowell's "A Critical Fable" repeated her cousin's performance with about the same measure of success. Her judgments were equally fresh and shrewd, and the poem abounded in lucky hits, e. g., the portraits of herself and Vachel Lindsay.

not see the genius of Masters and Sandburg. She scorned Henry James and other "traitors."¹ She scorned the lady-painters and performers of Chopin, with their "ghastly nights on cracked hotel-pianos." She was arrogant enough to impress occasional English observers, who were full of admiration for her because she reminded them of their own dear betters. She ran ocean liners and terrorized their orchestras by telling them to stop their outrageous noise; and she whizzed over the face of the earth in her claret-colored motor, reorganizing hotels where she spent the night. Like Eliot's Cousin Nancy, she "strode across the hills and broke them"; and, if she was not bearded, she was full of oaths; and her bed had eighteen pillows, and she had ten thousand black cigars and seven megatherian sheepdogs that mauled and all but murdered her visitors. This Daniela Webster was also an actress, whose earliest idol was Duse, and all her dramatic flair, with her verve and her gusto, went into the great pitched battle that she waged for the poets. She fought in the front rank, when occasion called for her, or as less often happened, behind the lines, where she mustered her majors and colonels, her generals and lieutenants.

For literary soldiership, or literary statesmanship, America had never seen Miss Lowell's equal. Literary politicians had always abounded, but she was the prime minister of the republic of poets; and under her control this republic rose from the status of Haiti and became an imperial republic of the caliber of France. The poets had reason to thank their stars that they had a Lowell behind them, for whom editors and publishers were factory hands and office boys. Her telephone had the force of a dozen Big Berthas; and God might have picked up the fragments of those who opposed her—there was little left of them for men to bury. One could hear the guns go off at the other end of Texas. But the Texans and Nebraskans and the people of St. Paul crowded the window ledges of their halls to hear her; and the map on which she had put poetry started and trembled under her feet—the map of poetry blossomed in purple and red. She touched a fuse wherever she went, and fireworks rose in the air; and there were no set-pieces more brilliant than hers, no Catherine-wheels or girandoles or fountains. There was no still, small voice in Amy Lowell. Her bombs exploded with a bang and came down in a shower of stars; and she whizzed and she whirled, and she rustled and rumbled, and she glistened and sparkled and blazed and blared. If, at the end, it seemed like the Fourth of July, it was a famous victory, none the less, though the fields and the trees were littered with the sticks and the debris, with charred frames and burnt-out cases.

¹ See her portraits of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound in "A Critical Fable." Amy Lowell felt that Henry James made a great mistake in detaching himself from his countrypeople.

Besides, much more was left than people felt on the morning after. Miss Lowell was a pyrotechnist, but some of her scenic effects were permanent; and when she was not permanent she was salutary. Her theory of "externality" was undoubtedly fallacious, and much of her work was factitious, the fruit of the will. As if poetry could ever be "external"! Yet her actual externality was good for the moment. It was a challenge to internality at a time when the "internal" poets were so often sentimental, derivative and soft. When the *fond* was so corrupt and weak, the way to sting it into life was to assert that nothing was important but the *forme*; and all the new poets made much of technique—they sometimes talked as if nothing else mattered. And what, in the end, did this matter?—though the end perhaps might be long in coming. The poets of the further future were to gain by this immediate future, in which the false remnants of the past were trampled out of sight and in which all manner of new forms were placed at their disposal when they developed the *fond* that was equally worthy. The world could always wait for its poets, and this was a time for tuning the instruments; and the free verse and polyphonic prose which Miss Lowell adapted and popularized provided a whole new orchestra for the poets who were coming. How good this audacity was after so much futile indirectness! After so much weltering in borrowed souls, how good it was to "live in the eye alone"! How good was imagism to sharpen the perceptions, and all this zest for seeing, reporting, recording, this joy in the visible world, this picture-making, after so much wreathing and writhing and fainting in coils. How good this "religion of art," the note of the epoch, after so many woolly abstractions and impotent emotions, so many blurred conceptions and moldy morals! This technical virtuosity, so clean and fresh, this feeling for orchestral color and verbal music, and this all but morbid fear of the obvious also! These poets reacted against bad technique by making technique an end in itself. What of it! The poets of the future would redress the balance. And they rightly threw out of the window the old New England classics, with all their Miltonic ideals and all their Victorian nature-worship. No need to fear that they would not come back. Were the Yankees really in danger of losing their ethos? If the classics went out by the window, they were sure to return by the door when the noble mind had outlived the abuse of its virtues. The new generation started with Poe, the first favorite of Frost as of Robinson, with Emily Dickinson's novel perceptions and Whitman, who had discarded the past. The new generation was also redressing a balance.

As a writer as well as a propagandist, Miss Lowell was part of all this movement, so similar in France and England in its causes and effects. For the whole Western world was undergoing the same changes, and

Boston was a center of this world—as it had been in the eighteen forties. It had never ceased to be a center, despite the croakers and despite the dry-rot; and in the darkest hour of Boston and Cambridge world-influences had emanated from these twin cities in the persons of William James and Mrs. Eddy. For all the reactionary forces that opposed new culture, they were still hungry for new culture; and Amy Lowell was as hungry for the culture of this morning as an Omaha woman's club was hungry for the culture of the day before last. She made the Omaha woman's club hungry for it—and she begged it and borrowed it, stole it, invented it, like all the writer-conquerors, with a high hand and a high heart and the enterprise of a merchant-adventurer. No doubt, her externality reflected her own extroversion.

It was an escape as well from a troubled psyche; for Miss Lowell's inner life knew no repose. She had solved none of her vital problems, and she remained the conventional child that expressed itself in the first of her volumes of poems.¹ Indeed, she was never a poet, properly speaking—the poet in her never struggled through—so she seized on the outsides of things as her only chance of effectuality, and her dramatic instinct achieved the rest. She had awakened suddenly to modern painting and music, and she pillaged them as she pillaged the Boston museums where she had played as a child. Among her *objets d'art* she was always the child, a Gargantuan child with the reach of a khan or a brigand; and she pillaged books—she tore the entrails out of them—and she used in the composition of her rockets and pin-wheels the *alchimie du verbe* of Rimbaud, Verhaeren, Mallarmé and heaven knew how many others. She wrote free verse after Debussy's piano-pieces; she stole the show at aquariums, with their "swirling, looping patterns of fish"; and every place she read about and every place she visited—whether Mexico, China, Peru, St. Louis or Charleston—left in her hand some scrap of a rhythm or a picture. She found a mine in Keats, whom she admired for his fearlessness, straightforwardness, directness, for all he had in common with herself; but everything served her purpose that gave her a little gold or brass, a beam of sandalwood or a bolt of silk, a flag, a trumpet, a tuba or a box of spices. And she toiled over her poems from midnight till dawn, not as one to whom the muses whispered, but as one who had to wrestle with them and force them to their knees in the sweat of her brow.

Well, was it all for show? Was it merely a night of the Fourth of July? Was it only a parade and swagger of Boston fashion? There was surely enough

of the material in Miss Lowell's talent, too much noise, too much excitement; and yet how much remained that was new and crisp, what vividness of color, what joy of action! One could say much for externals that enlivened the senses; and, when one had given up to time the bric-a-brac, the petals of Chinese flowers whose roots were somewhere else around the planet, one came back to Miss Lowell's story-telling. She was a story-teller, if not a poet, who had studied her art in Chaucer, in Keats and in Browning, and who, in some of her best tales, followed Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins, when she was not touched by Robert Frost. Perhaps this deep Yankee in her was to live the longest, the Yankee whose tales in "East Wind" and the ballad of "Evelyn Ray" refurbished this old New England *genre* with a note of her own that was wholly fresh. Her colors here were browns and grays, but some of her blues and reds were fast; and, among other pieces, "Can Grande's Castle," with its cinematographic style, remained her most characteristic. Perhaps its excess of vivacity wore one out. It was charged with enough electricity to burn one's hand off; it was like a third rail, it was like a power-line, and one had to touch the wires with circumspection. But there Amy Lowell exulted in her strength; and her feeling for ships and battles, for barbarism and heroism, for pageantry, pomp, dash and fanfaronade, for the theatre of history and the clash of peoples boiled up and bubbled over with a splendid brio. She was Lady Hamilton, she was Nelson, she was Commodore Perry in Japan, with his sailor-chanties; and no New England historian since the great days of Prescott and Motley had given the world such brilliant historical scenes.

VAN WYCK BROOKS

Poem for Use

Now my two feet behold themselves in this
 The honest radiance of my polished floor,
 And in clear rinsings from the hem of grace
 I wash the spotless odds of ended chore.
 Luster and her sister, dusted luster,
 Inhabit now my home that is so swept,
 Mine is the presence of dear poise, mine is
 This hearth so sheen, so heavenly housekept.
 While nations give obedience to brutes
 And this year's snow is black with dying men,
 One mild and doomless image of all hope
 Women must save, at root, to live again.
 This lucid hearth against the total night,
 This comely order in a world insane,
 Your law here, prostrate peace, we cherish,
 And light you, till it be our last, this pearlèd light—
 Oh yes, oh yes! Though greater things be in vain
 And our times perish.

HILDEGARDE FLANNER

¹ "A Dome of Many Colored Glass," 1912. This book was a curious revelation of Amy Lowell's equipment as a poet in the proper sense. It represented her work up to the age of thirty-eight, after which she developed her "external" method. Conventional and weak in thought and feeling, it was on the level of the writing of most of the current New England poetasters.

England in Shirt-sleeves

LONDON may be the hub of the British Empire and the capital city of Great Britain but it is not the best place to observe the way the average Britisher has risen to meet the challenge his country now faces. You must go out into the provinces, into the factories of the Midlands, the textile mills of Lancashire, the shipyards of the Clyde and the collieries of Wales. There the clink of pick upon coal, the rasping of the riveters and the roar of machinery which goes on twenty-four hours a day will tell you more than anything else of the British workman's determination to make good the deficiencies which Britain now faces.

The British workers have caught the spirit of the men in Dunkirk. The war has suddenly assumed personal significance for them. They realize that they are fighting for their lives. They know also that it is their brothers, their sons who are waiting anxiously for new equipment. More important, perhaps, they feel that the government and the working people at long last see things from the same viewpoint.

During the first eight months of the war the workers were eager to play their full part in war production, but it was almost impossible to put their weight into a war effort which was directed by a government which thought first of all of private business interests and considered the position of British labor almost as an afterthought. There was no disaffection: the working people knew clearly what the war was about. When Lord Haw-Haw in his radiations over Reichsender Berlin claimed that the British workers were being used as cannon fodder by plutocratic politicians, the workers just laughed. They had been ready to smash Hitler long before Britain's upper classes had even thought of appeasing him.

There were no "Go Slow" movements in the factories. But neither were there voluntary speed-ups and the patronizing efforts of the government to spur the workers on had no success. The Ministry of Information's Home Publicity section plastered the billboards, the pubs and the factory gates with glaring red posters which warned "Freedom Is in Peril. Defend It with All Your Might," and "Your Courage, Your Cheerfulness, Your Resolution Will Bring Us Victory." But the average worker, irritated by the precise Oxford tone of these posters, simply turned them into a protest against the Chamberlain government and retorted, "Yes, *Our* Courage, *Our* Cheerfulness, *Our* Resolution Will Bring *You* Victory."

Immediately the Churchill-Labor Party combination took control, the attitude of the workers changed. Clem Attlee, Greenwood, Herbert Morrison—the tough little cockney political boss who became Minister of Supply—and Ernie Bevin, the burly boss of 800,000 transport workers who took on the job of Minister of

Labor and National Service, all speak the workers' language.

The personal spurt British workers have put on to meet the needs set by this new government has been amazing. From all over Britain come stories of almost superhuman efforts to "get on with the job" of producing badly needed munitions and supplies.

On Saturday afternoon, June 16, the directors of several textile mills in one Lancashire town received calls from Morrison's office asking them to keep going over Sunday and for seven days a week thereafter. Most of the employees had already knocked off for the week-end, but the directors promptly agreed. Policemen went round from door to door asking workers to report on Sunday morning. Cyclists dashed into the countryside to round up couples who'd gone off on their bicycles. Announcements were made that night in all the pubs and dancehalls. At 6 o'clock next morning 92 percent of the workers clocked in and most of them worked straight through until midnight.

At one Yorkshire colliery the men have pledged themselves to produce another 500 tons extra per week—almost one ton per week additional for every man and boy employed. At a Clydeside shipyard a destroyer was put into the water on a Wednesday and her boilers were in by the following Tuesday, although this is normally a three weeks' job.

A few weeks ago the Admiralty asked the manager of a factory "somewhere in Scotland" if he could produce a large amount of a certain article in three days. Under ordinary conditions the order would have been impossible to fill but the workers organized teams, worked like dogs, and in two days telephoned the Admiralty to say the order had been doubled.

Morrison is particularly proud of two examples. At one plant women workers had just come to the end of their seventh consecutive 10½-hour day when they discovered that a certain vital piece of work was unfinished. Without any hint from the foremen they sent a deputation to the manager to ask if they could work right on until the job was finished. At another factory a large naval gun needed an elaborate mechanism before it could be shipped away. Skilled workmen stayed at their benches for thirty-six hours straight until it was completed.

Workmen resent any interruptions that delay their work. At one Royal Ordnance Factory where we photographed the production of guns, huge 3.7-inch and 4.5-inch anti-aircraft guns were being hoisted on flatcars. We photographed workmen covering one of the guns with a tarpaulin for shipment and then asked them to repeat the process for another picture. They did, but reluctantly. When we had finished, the wrinkled old laborer in charge shuffled up to us and said, "Ten men probably died while you held us up!" And he didn't say it with a smile on his face, either.

London

ALLAN A. MICHIE

Washington Notes

The Revolt Against Roosevelt

JUST HOW IMPORTANT is the current revolt against Mr. Roosevelt's leadership inside the Democratic Party? Does it endanger the New Deal's prospects next November? The only accurate answer is that some of the turncoats are patently innocuous but that others may do a great deal of harm.

Aged, CIO-baiting Jim Reed of Missouri falls into the walking-corpses category. He has been deserting his party since back in Woodrow Wilson's day. Similarly fangless are the Liberty Leaguers, Messrs. Al Smith, John J. Raskob, Jouett Shouse, and the Massachusetts capitalist, former Governor Ely. Mr. Roosevelt's witticisms about them a few days ago at Hyde Park are abundantly justified.

The principal hint of trouble comes not from such embittered has-beens, but from the youngish group now forming around Mr. Lewis W. Douglas, onetime White House intimate and budget director, and Mr. John W. Hanes, former Under-Secretary of the Treasury. It is clear that Mr. Willkie hopes that the Douglas-Hanes group will succeed in obtaining control of the Democratic insurgent movement, that he shrinks from the proffered support of the Al Smiths and Governor Elys.

At Hyde Park, Mr. Roosevelt tried to dismiss Messrs. Douglas and Hanes as persons whose slant of mind ran more to dollars than to humanity. It is true that Mr. Douglas and Mr. Hanes come from wealthy copper and tobacco families, respectively. After breaking with Mr. Roosevelt in 1934, Mr. Douglas became vice-president of the American Cyanamid Corporation, is now president of Mutual Life Insurance. Mr. Hanes entered the New Deal from a large Wall Street brokerage firm; since his departure from Washington he has become director of the Bankers' Trust, Johns-Manville and the Glenn L. Martin airplane concern, as well as chairman of the finance committee of Mr. W. R. Hearst's top holding company.

Nevertheless, the report is that both men mean to struggle desperately to prevent a new Liberty League sign from being hung around their necks. In the case of Mr. Hanes, Mr. Roosevelt may conceivably find himself the victim of his own politeness. Not only did he invite Mr. Hanes into the administration and make a great pet of him, but he wrote him an effusive "Dear Johnny" note when he left.

The fact of the matter is that Mr. Hanes did not resign willingly but was shoehorned out of his job. For many months he attempted to dictate the Treasury's tax policy without a by-your-leave to Secretary Morgenthau. Mr. Morgenthau stood this uncomplainingly until one day Mr. Hanes boastfully told newspaper correspondents of the great pressure of his private affairs, of the sacrifice he was making to remain as Treasury Under-Secretary. Whereupon he was instantly handed his hat.

The amount of trouble that Messrs. Douglas and Hanes can cause will depend on their ability temporarily to slough off their business connections and appear as aggrieved ideal-

ists. Mr. Douglas is one of the country's ablest prophets of extreme capitalist competition—a position that, curiously enough, puts him within hailing distance of Attorney General Bob Jackson, Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold and SEC Commissioner Leon Henderson, and in fervent agreement with Secretary of State Hull. Mr. Hanes preaches a new era in which the New Deal and big business will frolic together like spring lambs. Convinced New Deal voters will not be taken in by their blandishments, but what about middle-of-the-road Democrats?

Another potential threat to the New Deal comes from disaffected party politicians. Unlike Messrs. Douglas and Hanes, these men will not openly support Mr. Willkie; they will be fifth columnists in the strict sense of the term. At present the two danger spots are Missouri and Texas, in both of which states the nomination of Mr. Wallace for Vice President at Chicago was badly received.

In Governor Stark, Missouri had its own vice-presidential candidate. Had Mr. Stark received the nomination, the Missouri New Deal faction would probably have captured the state party organization. Instead, Mr. Roosevelt's insistence on Mr. Wallace gave the opposing group, led by Senator Bennett C. Clark, a propaganda weapon which it used with great effect. In the voting at Chicago, Senator Clark was able to cast twenty-eight and one-half of the state's ballots for Representative Bankhead of Alabama, as against only one and one-half for Mr. Wallace. A lieutenant of Mr. Clark, Mr. James V. Conran, was the man who denounced the gathering as "a rabbit convention" and predicted from the platform that Mr. Wallace's selection would throw Missouri into the Republican column.

A bitter fight within the Texas delegation that lasted throughout the Chicago convention ended with the election of one of the Garner managers, Mr. Myron Blalock, as national committeeman. Few observers believe that a truce can be arranged between Mr. Blalock and the pro-Roosevelt Texas leaders—Under-Secretary of the Interior Alvin Wirtz and Mayor Maury Maverick. Because of the vast size of Texas, the Democratic state organization there is extremely loose-jointed. Nevertheless, it is feared that Messrs. Wirtz and Maverick will find themselves constantly handicapped throughout the campaign. It should be added that, while the dangers of a Democratic split must not be ignored, if Mr. Roosevelt carries New York and Illinois, as now seems probable, he can afford scattered losses elsewhere.

For the moment at least, the administration seems committed to push the Burke-Wadsworth bill for universal peacetime conscription to speedy enactment. Probably it will influence far more votes than any other issue; it will obviously be more important, for example, than Democratic Party dissension. It is expected that it will be fought stoutly in both Senate and House. Whether it will help or injure Mr. Roosevelt is, in the opinion of most observers, the sheerest guesswork. A great deal clearly depends on what happens in Europe. The conquest of England by Hitler might turn the country unanimously toward the bill's support. Mr. Willkie's reported strategy is to avoid taking a definite stand on the measure itself, but to criticize details.

Mayor Ed Kelly of Chicago, who practical-minded New Dealers had hoped would be a new, more agile Jim Farley, has proved a disappointment and may become a definite liability. He is an easy boss, and—immersed in the fascinating details of city contracts—has never had time personally to repair the vote-producing organization bequeathed to him by Mr. Pat Nash, who has just formally retired as Democratic national committeeman. Because of his frequent, ostentatious visits to the White House, and his proud authorship of the phrase "Roosevelt and Humanity," he offers a shining target to Mr. Willkie.

Washington

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

South American Surplus

THESE ARE DAYS of monstrous parturition. Great brains grow swiftly and enormously pregnant and almost before one knows it there is another gargantuan infant plan in the maternity ward. Business gentlemen in Wall Street look a little bewildered these days in the presence of these prodigies. All their standards of judgment are gone. Hence all one can get in the way of an opinion about the great South American cartel is a look of helpless befuddlement.

South America now, it seems, is in dire need of salvation—its democracy, its independence and its trade. Like a Kansas farmer, Brazil cannot sell her coffee, the Argentine cannot sell her meat or wheat, Chile cannot sell her copper and so on. In the case of the Kansas wheat farmer and the South Carolina cotton farmer this was no problem at all. A solution of that question could be fabricated in a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Stephen Early, or, in those days, Louis Howe. What is the problem? The farmer can't sell his wheat. What is the solution? We (the government) will buy it from him. What will it cost? Don't be silly. What difference does it make—maybe a billion or two or three, that is a matter of detail. What shall we do? Just telephone Sam Rayburn and tell him to put the bill on the must list. And presto! the farm problem is solved.

The solution in South America is equally simple up to the point of telephoning Sam Rayburn. The South American cannot sell his wheat, his nitrates, his oil, his copper, his meat. That's easy. We'll buy it. Cost? Half a billion—maybe two billions—what's the difference? Who'll put up the money? Don't ask foolish questions. But to do this takes more than sending a "must" order to Capitol Hill. It requires the consent of South American "republics." And somehow that has not prospered. Why?

A little thinking by South American diplomats and business men and some American business men shot these grandiose schemes full of holes. There is nothing surprising in this. For is there any idea in the world so utterly discredited by a score of fatal experiments these last dozen years as the plan to save farmers by buying up and holding off the market their undisposible surpluses?

But there are several sides to this amazing proposal. Ostensibly our government is moving to "protect" South America. The method in use up to now is to do everything

under the sun to deprive her of the best customers for her surplus commodities. Nature has so arranged it that Germany is a natural customer of South America, for she lacks the very things South America can provide. To deprive South America of her German customer is to deliver South America an economic body blow.

What could be more apparent than that the effort of Mr. Hull and Mr. Roosevelt in South America is to do this very thing? Now, of course, it is perfectly reasonable to argue that we should do this in order to cripple Germany and help England. But we ought not to pretend that we are doing it to help South America. And no one knows this better than the South Americans. The whole effort of the State Department has been and is to do its utmost to play its role of economic ally of England. In doing that we are considering neither the economic interests of South America nor our own political interests in South America. For South America has just about caught us red-handed playing European power politics there.

To mitigate the evil effects of this Mr. Roosevelt naturally turns to his one and only big gun—namely, to spend money. He proposes that we provide half a billion dollars for the Export-Import bank to finance the purchase and marketing of South American surpluses—particularly those we have managed to keep away from Germany. Whether \$500,000,000 will be enough and where this money will come from, along with all the other billions appropriated for defense on top of the billions appropriated for recovery on top of the billions owed for the last war, he does not inquire. It is a fairly safe guess that half a billion will be but a beginning; that a single year will send us three times that into the red and that this sum will be multiplied for each year we keep up this folly.

We have a problem in South America. It has several facets. First, we are interested in our own trade with these countries. Second, we are interested in about three and a half billions invested there. Third, we are deeply concerned about maintaining good and friendly relations with them. Fourth, we are interested in aiding them within reason in their economic difficulties to the end of keeping them as far as possible out of fascist hands. But all these problems are sunk in the interest of solving England's problem—namely that of keeping Germany from getting supplies from the countries below the Equator.

Would it not be well if our State Department would concern itself with our problems there, with the fostering of truly friendly relations and, as part of that, aiding South America? And not a small part of that job is the recognition that these countries have their own difficulties, that they have a right to shape their own destinies, that they have a right to trade with whom they please and that these frequent interferences of ours in the interest of a great European empire are invasions of the rights of South American nations that can lead to nothing save bad feelings.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Mr. Flynn's weekly column is published for its intrinsic interest and not because the editors see eye to eye with him. We dissent strongly from many of his views. A statement of our disagreement with some points in the foregoing article appears in the editorial section this week.—THE EDITORS

At Your Own Risk

THE MARCH OF TIME is putting out a collection of old newsreels, stock shots and many bridging reënactments that runs the length of a feature picture and tells all in the title: "The Ramparts We Watch." It is history and also rub-a-dub-dub. There are indications in the early sections that under the corporalship of Mr. Luce time was marching two ways at once, and that there might possibly be two sides to how fast we tossed young fellers into the overseas furnace; but by the end the purpose is pretty well straightened out.

Whatever the purpose, the effect of a thing like this lies in how well it is done. There have been several collections of World War shots that reached a higher emotional rise and climax—back in the days when raising boys to be soldiers was not being done in the better magazines, remember? But its over-all coverage of how the country felt and how the Wilson Cabinet and New York streets and ladies' hats and new Packards looked; what people were saying and singing and dancing to; what happened in church and in the schools and town meetings; who was being elected or run out of town—in this recreation of an era it is a handsome thing to see. In spite of the inevitable trace of stiltedness attaching to the people in documentaries who are set doing things as actors without really being actors, the little representative groups of students, gals, doctors, lawyers, politicians and journalists are put in motion with a nearer approach to things as they were than you find in memory. And the sound division has done a major job of recreation: you will hear every song of those days you can remember, and as many more you've forgotten. (But may I hope that some day some man who scores music will go listen to how a bugle call is played by a bugler, not a second-desk trumpet brought up on the Egmont Overture? It's a lot to ask, but a hope worth hoping, for a good bugler is one of the joys of life and may not be copied.)

Very well, the job is well done. And it touches on the mighty theme of a nation coming to life and to arms. It is stirring. Very well, stirring to what?

Here is where the objections come in, and the question: even granting it is all truth, which it isn't, how much of the whole truth is it? Was the war as easy as that? A few ships, a few shell-bursts, many men marching and some of them rather dirty? A German or two eased off a home-guard committee? Liberty Loans for liberty and not to buy up the bag Morgan and Company was holding? Khaki and shoes and guns turned out with a busy will for the boys over there and none of them paper, or backfiring? No disillusion but a few brave tears of a mother? American boys in France saying "Vive la France" and Frenchmen in cabarets saying "Vive Vilson" and nothing, absolutely nothing else to the AEF? Barracks and no slackers, no objectors? No beatings and witch hunts? Really?

The fever, the national will, the whoop and hoorah were all true at the time, no doubt. So was the world square once; so were the lives of men dependent on the will of the little people. Now we know otherwise—or we did yesterday. And to leave out what we have learned, to say for truth what we know was false, to pass over the misery, the stupidity, the greed, the waste and slaughter, is to blow

up a great recruiting poster, an invitation to leave your head outside. We may be proud to be America. We may be ready to stand back of it. But these are just the times when we should turn away from any group of cheapjacks using such times and such high and noble emotions for nothing in the world but to sell their stinking little tent show. I'm afraid this film comes with very good timing, and I know it is done as smooth as oil. But we should have learned by now. If that's what you want, America, take it away.

Osa Johnson wrote an interesting and instructive book about the Martin Johnsons' life and travels, called "I Married Adventure." The book got a lot of attention and this was unfortunate, because now Mrs. Johnson has been encouraged to make a feature-length picture by the same title. The film sketches in the early trips to the South Seas, the later trips to Africa and the final Borneo expedition, mostly by use of the old Johnson releases—and this is all to the good, for the animals, natives and sometimes breathless scenery they brought back for the screen still make a three-ring circus. There are also reënactments, which were probably necessary and necessarily glib; and Mrs. Johnson's most pressing interest in photography and far places is again wrongly indicated to be one of getting her picture taken in them.

But the film has a commentary, and worse a Voice, incessant and relentless and even drowning the eloquent sounds on original location—the standard-announcer species. Which is to say, a constant fever pitch of accent without rhythm and shiftiness without variety, every word a passion and torn to tatters and no word with any meaning in it; it is a race against time won at the start, all haste and no destination, like the mechanical rabbit at the dog races. There is also a musical score. So if the theatre is wired for sound, go at your own risk. OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

When a man decides to be a worker, consciously or unconsciously he makes the decision not to go after money and the power of money as his life's first aim and instead elects to live by the work of his hands. —From William Allen White's "The Changing West."

Night life in the former French capital has been slightly encouraged. The Nazi military governor has advanced the curfew from 10 to 11 p. m., and decreed cafés may stay open until 10:30 p. m. Business is reviving stimulated by the free spending of German soldiers, particularly for perfume and women's wear. —From PM.

Wine tasters on the payroll of the main Soviet Wine Trust are showing too much enthusiasm for their work. Some of the wine tasters, asserted Izvestia, have carried their professional exuberance to the point of organizing "collective tasting parties." —AP dispatch from Moscow, in The New York Times.

What Is So Rare?

"I stand before you without a single pledge or promise or understanding of any kind except for the advancement of your cause and the preservation of American democracy."—From a

presidential nominee, those were rare and thrilling words.—*Item in Life.*

The Stretch-Out

We did the town last night, with Gilda Gray, and I got a particular kick out of it, because once upon a time Gilda Gray owned Broadway. . . . She looks marvelous, with quite a startling resemblance to Marlene Dietrich, and she's as happy as you can be when your castles collapse and you've got to start working all over again at a different scale of prices. — *From Ed Sullivan's column in The New York Daily News.*

Millions for Defense

The Allies thought they were prepared to stop the war-mad legions of Nazi Germany from storming over Western Europe. Yet France has fallen and England is threatened. You—as an investor—should heed the warning signals and take definite steps to build up your investment defenses. — *From a promotion letter got out by Babson's Reports.*

You Can't Mrs.

Miss Duffey believes the critical improve posture and she also suggests the following rules: Expand ribs; put ear over shoulder by pulling back your head; push shoulders down towards the floor; relax knees.

Lift high spot on chest. (Everyone has a high spot, she says, and if you try to put your finger on it you can't miss). — *A UP report of an interview with a Boston physical educator, as printed in The Ann Arbor, Mich., News.*

Toward a Balanced Program

Men's Education Club, July 10. Professor Roy W. Sellers will speak on The Survival of Democracy, and Professor A. D. Moore will demonstrate the art of jugglery. — *From a bulletin in The Michigan Daily.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

To Be in England, Now

SIR: Here I have a very different aspect of England at war. My mother, who is something over sixty, lives here alone. It is a hideous—no, a plain-faced house, on the only hill in Norfolk, as near to the sea as makes no matter. "The nearest house to Germany in all England," I used to be told in the last war. The house is solid and squat, built of stone-blocks, I think, stuccoed over. One floor and a deep basement, sunk into the sandy hill. It stands beside what used to be Winterton Lighthouse (mentioned in "Robinson Crusoe") and what is still a rather romantic round tower with a railing around the top, but the lantern gone since it ceased to be a Trinity House building. In the last war it was extinguished, except for one magnificent night when, without warning, the light struck out and illuminated a procession of warships proceeding up coast. I was a child of eight then, and I remember waking to the familiar light (which flashed three short and one long, to the accompaniment of rattling and crashing from the mechanism) and I stood in my sleeping-suit on the parapet of this house to watch the ships go by.

Now, of course, the lighthouse is empty. Lord Beauchamp, a National Liberal, used to live there, and Hore-Belisha stayed with him sometimes, and we used to watch them and converse with them. My mother was then a Tory supporter. Now the house is vacant and when I knew that, I felt worried about my mother being up here alone. The village lies below the hill, but not far away—only a matter of three minutes. Then I heard that all the "gentry" had left—including even the parson's wife, and that my mother's servant might have to leave as well. So S—— and I decided to come while we could still be sure of traveling across England. We packed up a few clothes and some food, and with gas-masks and ARP tin-hats, we traveled. The train from Dorset to London was hell—packed to the doors with soldiers and civilians. But the "First-Class" taboo still operated, and soldiers were left squatting on luggage or standing in the corridors, and we were bundled into a first-class and then made to pay 12/6 each as excess fare.

From London to Great Yarmouth it was different; plenty of room because this is a "Protected Area" and no one may come to it who has not an officially accepted reason for coming. From

the moment we started to travel this side of England we were impressed by the excellent ARP and civilian defenses. For instance, the playing fields at a certain large town had horizontal lines of wood-blocks, chained together, to trap airplanes trying to land, and had also vertical wriggly lines of some kind of shadowy stain which, from the air, would look like hedges or ditches. And that kind of device was common. All names of stations had been removed, and S—— bet me sixpence that we'd find the church register, in this place, had not been taken away; and I bet her that we'd find the village shop still selling post-cards with the name of the village printed on them. We both won.

On the roads as we motored here from the station, we were stopped at barricades and asked for our identity-cards and business. These barricades were not so efficiently built as the ones we saw when we first went to Catalonia in 1936.

Here in this village the population is entirely of fishing people. They are descendants of the Danish invasion, mainly; rough, pleasant, free-spoken people, talking a dialect very much like the genuine New England accent, and with some words that I heard in Connecticut and Maine. (I did not have a chance, alas, to talk to people in the other states, but the grandees I met in Connecticut spoke with what, to me, was a familiar Norfolk twang.)

The people are immensely respect-worthy. Much better than the Dorset rustics. We have more than 150 men serving, from this small village; most of them are on minesweepers, coast defenses or in the navy proper. There have been a good many casualties already, and every night we have German planes over. Yesterday morning I saw three German planes flying over, very high and pretty, going out to sea again. Caught by the sunrise, so to speak, and rushing home like Cinderella.

The nearest bomb so far fell a mile and a half away. It has made everyone very angry, not very much afraid, but extremely energetic in the matter of digging shelters. I spent yesterday hauling sandbags and making a safe alternative exit to the cellar-room we have gas-proofed in this house.

S—— and I had a happy evening sorting out the village rubbish-dump: paper, tins, iron, bones, bottles—all is now collected and used. In Dorset, still, nothing of that kind is organized at all. Our village there has only a small ARP service,

completely inefficient, and run by a few doddering old colonels and admirals (ret'd.). Here the services are run perforce by the people themselves. My mother is, really, kept as a kind of mascot, or antique goddess, by the people. They rely on her in a superstitious way, and if she left too they would be scared stiff—but for all that they have a primitive feeling of arbitrary worship about her—and if she failed to serve them as they expect her to, it wouldn't surprise me to see them shake her or stand her upside down.

As we came through the village last evening an old man—dressed in a sailor's jersey and sailor's trousers—doddered out to his front gate and shouted "Good evening" and after we had passed he shouted, "We must keep a brave front, you know. That we must—" Something he says to himself all the time, I expect.

The sheds in the village that used to be called "beasting" sheds (where the fishing-nets were repaired) are now used as small factories where the women and girls make camouflage nets. They work all day and until late in the evenings. The married women who have homes to look after take a net back home with them and work on it in all their spare time.

The sea looks very strange just now—not a ship to be seen, and normally there is an endless procession of small tramp-steamers, timber-ships, coal-ships, fishing boats and longshore boats. If we see one at all now everyone rushes about getting field-glasses and talking about it. "Silly cats!" said our cross gardener to me yesterday. "They want the glasses to look at a boat—they think it may be a German."

Rumors get about, of course, and it is interesting to compare them with the rumors we heard in Wessex: here they are mostly very hopeful that the French fleet, entire and whole, has been seen in Plymouth: that the American navy is proceeding to England: that five hundred of the latest American planes set off across the Atlantic two days ago. In Wessex it was always about saboteurs, about Fearful Defeats, about the mysterious means Lord Haw-Haw had of knowing exactly what went on everywhere in England almost as soon as it happened (for instance, the other day he said the clock on Weymouth Parade was half a minute slow—and it was!).

But spy-fever is very bad everywhere, and if "trouble" does start (which is the way everyone still refers to heavy raids or invasion), there will be a good deal of panic-shooting, judging by the panic-threats one hears every day now. It interests me to reflect that the same kind of thing, when it happened in Spain, was called "Red Terror."

Winterton, Norfolk, Eng.

VALENTINE ACKLAND

The Newspaper Guild Convention

SIR: You mustn't believe all you read in the papers, particularly when it's about the Newspaper Guild. Or at least you might inquire whether the papers really carried all the news that was fit to print.

You deplore that the Guild's convention at Memphis "refused to pass a resolution specifically condemning 'communism, fascism and Nazism.'" Sure it did; but the resolution also forbade the Guild to endorse any party or party program or objectives—even the New Deal—and indulged in some insinuating aspersions which hit out in a variety of careless directions. The Guild delegates had just voted an indorsement of the New Deal's objectives and another star-spangled resolution expressing "unequivocal opposition to any movement or activity of subversive character, Trojan horses or Fifth Columns . . . aimed against our nation and government or the basic free and democratic institutions upon which our Republic has been founded." They thought that was enough; I suspect the New Republic editors would have too had they been on the spot.

Surely The New Republic would not argue that a labor union

should throw out all Communist members or subject officers to a loyalty oath. The American Newspaper Guild would have to revise its constitution before it could do that: its constitution forbids penalizing any member "by reason of sex, race or religious or political convictions, or because of anything he writes for publication." That still holds for Communists as well as Republicans and prohibitionists; and not even the rape of Finland and Rumania has yet got me to the point of wishing to revise it.

I suspect I'd been a little influenced by the redoubtable Westbrook Pegler myself. I went to Memphis just a mite worried about my union. But what you call that "unhappy week" reassured me. The boys hung out all the dirty linen on the line, and we all looked it over, and voted it pretty clean. Not many union or government officials could stand as thorough a sniffing of their conduct as did the Guild's "paid officials," Milton Kaufman and Victor Pasche. On the first day of the convention they could probably have won reelection by about three votes; by the end of the week the verdict was two-to-one. I learned a lot in Memphis, had a grand time and came home prouder than ever to be a part of such a national newspapermen's trade union.

New York City

LEWIS GANNETT

[We are glad to give space to Mr. Gannett's letter and would only add that The New Republic never said or implied and does not believe that the Communists should be expelled from the Newspaper Guild. Our editorial paragraph merely reported the fact that the Guild convention had witnessed a bitter fight between two wings, one of which had previously charged the other with too much sympathy with communism. This report was true, and Mr. Gannett is certainly not the kind of person to ask us to distort our comment to suit Guild purposes. — THE EDITORS.]

Labor Unions and Compensation Laws

SIR: May the Research Department of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, through your letter column, invite Miss Estelle Lauder to avail herself of its services, which she so roundly takes to task (June 3).

Specifically, the labor movement in Pennsylvania on the Workmen's Compensation Law had more than enough ammunition in the form of information to prevent the emasculation of the law by the James administration—but it didn't have quite enough votes in the legislature. Should Miss Lauder visit unionists, she would find them quite well informed on the question of workmen's compensation.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

HAROLD J. RUTTENBERG,
Research Director, SWOC

Professor Schuman's Case for War

SIR: I congratulate you warmly upon your great enterprise in publishing Professor Frederick L. Schuman's "The Case for War Now" in your issue of July 8. It is a masterpiece that deserves to remain immortal and doubtless will—a masterpiece of how an ordinarily sober and sane mind can be warped by fears and panic. I believe it will stand in the years to come as a standard example of irrational and confused thinking, of paradoxes and contradictions. I should think that every professor of English in the country ought to have a copy of it for use in his classes—as a horrible example.

Professor Schuman's detailed preview of the future has inevitably recalled to me that the same sort of thing was said in 1916 when the big-navy advocates in and out of Congress were putting over the huge naval bill of that time—puny it was contrasted with today's. George T. Davis in his new book, "A Navy Second to None," reminds us that throughout the debates in Congress the soothsayers of that day warned the country that it

was piling up wealth "beyond the wildest dreams of avarice" and that we should surely "fall prey to a great plundering expedition" at the end of the war.

It is true that our entrance into the War altered the scene. None the less, had we not entered the War, as everyone knows who was in Paris at the Peace Conference, nothing on earth could have made either the beaten or victorious armies fight again. Undoubtedly Hitler has tremendous power over his people and may drive them to more and more crimes, but let us in America realize that the best way to defend America is not to be stampeded into wild visions of what may happen and to take counsel of our fears, but to await calmly the outcome of the immediate pending events, the result of which may give even Professor Schuman a less passionate, a more reasonable and a more logical picture of our future.

Thomaston, Conn.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

SIR: I wish to congratulate you on Mr. Frederick L. Schuman's communication to The New Republic of July 8. I have read many excellent articles in the magazine in the last fifteen or twenty years, but this, I think, is by all odds the most important and valuable.

From its own point of view the editorial comment reaches the usual high standard of The New Republic, but I cannot but regret its point of view. The editor inadvertently fails to notice that Mr. Schuman's letter had mentioned the political difficulties of his proposal. I fear, also, that the editor is not well informed about the sufficiency of the British fleet for its mission. One could go on, but it would be futile to do so.

Allen's Park, Colo.

THOMAS M. RAYSOR

Young People in Chicago

SIR: Your readers might like to hear how proceedings at the Democratic convention in Chicago struck some of the young people present. These young people came to the convention fully aware of Willkie's appeal to youth. They demanded a militant program. They were met by a bureaucracy whose professional purpose was to thwart everything they did. They were told to take it easy, to cool off, to do what they were told. They huddled together, sharing their dismay.

"They attacked Wallace for being a Republican," one said. "Why, if they took all the Republicans from that hall there wouldn't be anyone left."

"In Oregon we haven't a single Democratic paper. We could do anything if we could get some support, but we can't get it."

"In South Dakota the Democrats just don't understand. All they do is quarrel among themselves."

"I came here from West Virginia to take back a real program for our young people. The Republicans are organizing hard. Now I've got to go back with nothing at all."

"In Michigan the Hatch Act cuts us off from the unemployed. We organized 15,000 WPA youth in booster clubs. In some rural counties they're all we've got. But here nobody even cares."

"Oregon is a Republican state. We haven't a chance unless something is done."

"Oregon?" said the leaders. "Oregon hasn't paid its \$200 dues. Unless you pay up, your charter will be revoked."

"It's the staff of the National Committee. They haven't done a thing!" But on Friday morning, the staff of the National Committee, the flash-bulb faces, the heartbreakers, were rejected unanimously. "For eight years we have foreseen this. We should have done something."

One way to do something is to think, not in terms of a third party—a shell without content—but in terms of the content around which a shell must grow. Youth, the most neglected, misunderstood force in this nation must be gathered around a

real youth group, against no other group, but for youth. Teachers, instructors, students in night schools and WPA classes must be organized. Coöperatives themselves must be formed to educate, on the radio, in the press so that problems, not personalities, will become the focal points of American politics. Above all, labor, united and politically conscious, must be welcomed, not as a beneficiary, but as a partner. If we can work out the basis of this movement, the labor of bringing it into being will take care of itself. If the New Deal will take the leadership, then when the Democratic convention meets to nominate Robert Jackson in 1944, the voice of the American people may fill the hall.

Chicago, Ill.

GEORGE L. HOWARD

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Robert Preyer of New York City wrote us after reading the New Deal in Review supplement [May 20]: "As fine a thing as the NR editors have ever done. You birds really do deserve a Pulitzer prize for the best editorial work in the country." Mr. Preyer also liked the Henry Ford articles by Charles R. Walker but agreed with Clifford Odets that the mystery of Edwin Drood as deduced by Edmund Wilson was a sleeping powder. . . . C. Eugene Woodruff doesn't like our position on Henry Ford. He says we're either in the war or out of it, and feels that America would be "in a much stronger position today if others our business men had been willing to forgo the fool's-gold quick profits of the traffic in arms." . . . And P. L. Buttrick, a consulting forester in New Haven, Connecticut, is moved by the recent controversies over who fights which with what and when, to ask if it isn't time some of the post-war people who aren't writers had something to say. He says that lots of those 1918 people weren't fooled by slogans, but if they hadn't gone over when they did, wouldn't America have been facing in 1918 what she is facing now? "Perhaps the last twenty years have been only the Indian Summer of Western civilization—but at least the post-war generation had a better time of it than it seems likely their successors are going to have."

The London center of the PEN has sent to its American affiliates an "Appeal to the Conscience of the World" which sounds (naturally) a little more like "Right Shoulder Arms." The appeal, which has a few score signers in general and such official names as those of Storm Jameson, H. G. Wells, J. B. Priestley, Bonamy Dobrée, Hugh Walpole and Rebecca West, says: "We ask you to make it clear to the people of your country that we with our allies aren't fighting only for ourselves, but for the belief we share with every man who holds that men should respect each other and that minds should be free."

J. E. Kelley, representing the Northwest Farmers' Legislative Committee from Minneapolis, deposes that our man Hamilton Basso is "the most ruthless and uncompromising bigot" he knows of, and says we committed a crime worse than murder in letting Mr. B. talk about Postmaster General Farley [March 11]. For this reason he is not going to renew his subscription.

The latest wrinkle for saving America, and democracy along with it, comes from the Jewish Theological Seminary, which is having a conference with speakers from September 9 to 11, at Broadway and One Hundred and Twenty-second Street, New York City.

Checks for Your Letterbox.—The National Alliance of Art and Industry is going to give prizes amounting to \$1,875—put up by the American Society for the Control of Cancer—for a poster which will stimulate public interest in the control of cancer, and encourage the endowments for research in this field. Entries should be sent between October 1 and 12 to the Alliance at 119 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

Books in Review

In Praise of Presidents

THIS VOLUME OF LECTURES, delivered in the spring of 1939 at Indiana University, has a quality that far transcends its timeliness. A scholarly interpretation of how the presidency operates, its emphasis upon a "strong" President and a "positive" government will make it a valuable campaign document for the Roosevelt forces. Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn's tousle-haired boy will not be cheered by the revelation that the business man "must be the power behind the throne; he cannot hope to occupy it"; nor by the remark that prior to the present campaign, "No presidential candidate in the whole record has been a business man." All this, however, is incidental to Mr. Laski's main purpose. Fundamentally, and despite its polite tone, this book is a vigorous attack upon our constitutional tripartite form of government.

Mr. Laski's armory is an impressive acquaintance with American presidential history. The diaries of Polk and Hayes; the biographies of Harding, Coolidge and Mark Hanna; the studies of the presidential office by James Bryce in "The American Commonwealth," by Wilson before he achieved the office and by Taft afterwards, are but a few of his weapons. He strikes at the weak, the "dull" Presidents, such as Buchanan, Coolidge, Harding; defends Jackson, Lincoln, Wilson, the Roosevelts. His repeated conclusion is that "a democracy needs clear direction and it cannot get this unless the central motive force in a political system rests in the executive's hands."

"The American Presidency" is vibrant with contempt for the impotence of a Congress without executive leadership. It urges that the President's great powers in foreign affairs be paralleled by equal control at home. To our friendly British critic, congressmen are political puppets, sectionally insulated from concern for the welfare of one another's constituents; their "inherent tendency is . . . anti-presidential." Congress being incapable of constructive leadership, its best functions are criticism, investigation and the "ventilation of grievances." Consequently it must be guided by the President. This does not mean that Congress must enact every bill proposed by the chief magistrate or that it is to be divested of authority to introduce legislation. For while Mr. Laski favors a change to the ministerial system by constitutional amendment, he doubts "whether anything short of actual revolution would cause direct changes of the kind to be made." The solution will emerge, not from mechanical devices, but from "the repercussion upon the political framework of the immense social and economic changes that are going on before our eyes." Continuing economic crises and the growing needs of our society will require "a new level of social provision." Political parties will be realigned into conservative and progressive forces. And a victorious political party will be com-

pelled to centralize its leadership in the President's hands in order to obtain the necessary coherence and discipline. The executive will control Congress not because the Constitution makes it his subject but because his party must survive.

Some of our Presidents—Jackson, Lincoln, Franklin D. Roosevelt are outstanding—have achieved this leadership over Congress even within the framework of a government of divided powers. Usually their success has occurred in crucial periods of war or internal crisis in which a frightened Congress, coerced by public demand, has abdicated to the executive. But Congress, as Mr. Laski shows, soon jealously reassumes control over the legislative process. The President still retains such weapons as patronage, appeal to public opinion and the veto power, but a strong Congress is usually immune to their combined assault.

The unexpressed premise of Mr. Laski's argument is that Presidents are made of a different mold from congressmen, or at least, that the average President is superior to the average congressional majority. Either conclusion is rendered debatable by Mr. Laski's illuminating description of presidential nominating conventions, particularly of the controlling doctrine of "availability," i.e., least offensiveness. While the presidential office may inspire its incumbents to great deeds, as Mr. Laski believes, it is also true that the so-called great game of politics usually takes its toll. Most of us will agree that the "major parties have been essentially the agents of the property interests of the United States"; but have our Presidents differed save in respectability? Mr. Laski has not succeeded in disposing of the assumption implicit in Bryce's famous chapter, "Why Great Men Are Not Chosen." (Ironically, Grant was one of the few characterized as "great" by our earlier English visitor.)

The parliamentary form of government, whose inaccurate description by Montesquieu led to some of our troubles, has undoubted advantages over the congressional system. The English have no independent executive, since their Cabinet is the steering committee of a legislative body. Mr. Laski's "strong" President is therefore something new in constitutional theory. Since he is not to dissolve Congress nor to resign when opposed, apparently the "impact of his personality" constitutes his strength. "The answer to the problem," says Laski, "lies in his having continuously something real to say, something positive and significant to do. . . . His ideas, his policies, his purposes, will shape the mental climate as will those of no other man in America." If our author means, in this somewhat vague precept, that he wants an intelligent, forceful, influential President, no one, save possibly the Republican Party during the coming campaign, will gainsay him. We could also use a Congress of that temper.

Laski has a number of more immediate proposals. He would elect the President by direct national voting instead of using an electoral college based upon the state unit. He would abolish "senatorial courtesy" and limit senatorial

¹ The American Presidency, by Harold J. Laski. New York: Harper and Brothers. 296 pages. \$2.50.

control over the removal power. To eliminate the pork-barrel system, he recommends that Congress be deprived of the right "to ask for an appropriation that is not sought under the direct authority of the President." Commenting upon the inadequacy of a four-year term in which the latter half is devoted to reflection preparations, he quickly disposes of the charge that a third term leads to dictatorship. And he opposes President Taft's suggestion of Cabinet representation on the floor of Congress as conducive to the transfer of power from the President to his Cabinet.

The central thesis of this book is not new, for it continues an intellectual controversy which arose in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. Others, notably Woodrow Wilson, have recommended that the President be "as big a man as he can." Reviewing "The American Commonwealth" in 1888, he too argued that the separation of the executive from Congress "deprives Congress of such leadership as would give its plans coherence and make available for its use that special and intimate knowledge of administrative possibilities without which much merited legislation must utterly miscarry." Bryce was another who shook his head with concern at the American insulationists. While Laski has said little that is new to the specialist, he has spoken more eloquently than his predecessors. In addition, time has permitted him to fortify his conclusions with illustrations necessarily available only to students of the significant post-war years. The general reader will at last be shown a coherent, readable and sensible picture of the chief elective office in the nation. Whether it will influence the American attitude toward the presidency and our manner of filling the office is one of those serious problems upon which our democracy may depend. That, however, is our responsibility; Mr. Laski has discharged his by the publication of these provocative lectures. LEONARD BOUDIN

Dark Journey

By the Waters of Babylon, by Robert Neumann. New York: Simon and Schuster. 356 pages. \$2.50.

OF THE MANY BOOKS written on the Jewish question during the last seven years, few are as frank and clever as this one, and few are as confused artistically. "By the Waters of Babylon" has both the quality of a brilliant novel and the false brilliancy of a sensational newspaper report. The story and its very life are squeezed into an artificial, annoyingly symbolic framework. Yet it is an eloquent, unusually informing work, despite its heavy and obvious deficiencies. The author's voice must be strong to reach us through such a thick wall of journalistic trickery.

In the opening chapter a bus crosses the Egyptian frontier into Palestine. All the passengers are Jews. All have had different lives, different backgrounds and ambitions. In the last chapter the bus runs against a rock, and the passengers are killed, except for old Moyshe Wasservogel, a hazy, mystical figure of Biblical dimensions.

Within this highly forced frame are set the individual biographies of the passengers. They include a handsome woman who at one time was a crown prince's mistress; an American heavyweight champion; a hypersensitive refugee author; a member of the Croix de Feu. Centuries are mirrored in each character's life. Nazi terror plays only a

small part in the weary history of Jewish persecution. But Neumann's characters are not merely the exponents of their race; and here lies the importance of his book. Above all his people are human, because and in spite of themselves. Their ancestors might have been humiliated throughout the centuries, raped or killed in pogroms, and they themselves might sell armaments to Hitler. Neumann brings the Jewish problem close to us by pointing out courageously the human behind the racial psyche. MARIANNE HAUSER

Memoirs of a Portraitist

Since Fifty: Men and Memories, 1922-1938, Recollections of William Rothenstein. New York: The Macmillan Company. 362 pages. \$5.

THERE ARE ROUGHLY three grades of personal memoirs. The lowest grade consists of those which are occupied almost exclusively with a simple enumeration of the names of more or less eminent persons, whom the author has known, has met, has lived in the same town with during the summer, or with whom he has been associated on the letterhead of some political or charitable organization. There have been so many examples lately of this least interesting kind of memoir that it would be unfair to give particular examples. The second grade is the kind—like Trelawney on Shelley and Byron, De Quincey on Coleridge and Wordsworth, George Moore's "Hail and Farewell," and even parts of Mabel Dodge Luhan—that brings a certain eye for personality to the discussion of people bigger than the author and so really adds something to our knowledge.

The third and highest grade of writer produces, in recounting his memories, a first-rate work of art. Such are Herzen and W. B. Yeats. It is characteristic of this type of memoirist that he does not need to deal in great names at all. Herzen and Yeats both had known well or had met many of the most remarkable people of their times; but the justification of their reminiscences is not that they had known these people. The scale of public reputation does not determine the scale of treatment, or even who is or is not included. The subject of Herzen's "Past and Thoughts" is the mind of nineteenth-century man in relation to society and politics; and for his purpose some fellow traveler in a diligence, some petty Russian official in the provinces, may be as important as a writer or politician. For Yeats, with his conception of the cycle of personalities possible for human beings, an obscure uncle or cousin, an old woman with whom he has talked in the country, may have a significance equally vivid with a Synge, a Wilde or a Shaw; and when he tells us about Wilde or Shaw, he presents them, not as picturesque "characters," but as phases of the human soul.

The memoirs of Mr. William Rothenstein belong, I am afraid, to the lowest of these grades; but they are first in this lowest grade. This new volume, like the two that preceded it, tells a good deal that is entertaining and occasionally something that is valuable about such people as Sargent, Max Beerbohm, A. E. Housman, Yeats, Arnold Bennett, Kipling and Shaw. It also includes interesting drawings of Mr. Rothenstein's subjects by himself. But if you try to read very much of it at a time, you presently drop it with a slight dissatisfaction, as if the fare provided from the ac-

quaintance with so many distinguished people had proved a little more on the side of sawdust than one could have imagined possible. Mr. Rothenstein (now Sir William) is a good fellow: he is not malicious, not pretentious; he is not garrulous, not the wrong kind of gossip. But his book tends to remain mostly names—or rather, line drawings, accurate and sober, but with little of either magic or depth.

EDMUND WILSON

Inner Landscape

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, by Carson McCullers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 356 pages. \$2.50.

OUT OF THE TRADITION of Gertrude Stein's experiments in style and the clipped, stout prose of Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway comes Carson McCullers' "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter." With the depression as a murky backdrop, this first novel depicts the bleak landscape of the American consciousness below the Mason-Dixon line. Miss McCullers' picture of loneliness, death, accident, insanity, fear, mob violence and terror is perhaps the most desolate that has so far come from the South. Her quality of despair is unique and individual; and it seems to me more natural and authentic than that of Faulkner. Her groping characters live in a world more completely lost than any Sherwood Anderson ever dreamed of. And she recounts incidents of death and attitudes of stoicism in sentences whose neutrality makes Hemingway's terse prose seem warm and partisan by comparison. Hovering mockingly over her story of loneliness in a small town are primitive religion, adolescent hope, the silence of deaf mutes—and all of these give the violent colors of the life she depicts a sheen of weird tenderness.

It is impossible to read the book and not wonder about the person who wrote it, the literary antecedents of her style and the origins of such a confounding vision of life. The jacket of the book tells us with great reserve that she is twenty-two years old. Because the novel treats of life in the South, we assume that she is Southern born and reared. A recent news story says she is married and now lives in New York. And that is all.

I don't know what the book is about; the nearest I can come to indicating its theme is to refer to the Catholic confessional or the private office of the psychoanalyst. The characters, Negro and white, are "naturals," and are seen from a point of view that endows them with a mythlike quality. The core of the book is the varied relationships of these characters to Singer, a lonely deaf mute. There are Mick Kelly, a sensitive, adolescent white girl; aged Dr. Copeland, the hurt and frustrated Negro; Jake Blount, a nervous and unbalanced whiskey-head; and Biff Brannon, whose consciousness is one mass of timid bewilderment. All these characters and many more feel that the deaf mute alone understands them; they assail his deaf ears with their troubles and hopes, thereby revealing their intense loneliness and denied capacity for living.

When the deaf mute's friend dies in an insane asylum, he commits suicide, an act which deprives the confessional of its priest. The lives of Miss McCullers' characters are resolved thus: Mick Kelly is doomed to a life of wage slavery in a five-and-ten-cent store; Dr. Copeland is

beaten by a mob of whites when he protests against the injustices meted out to his race; Jake Blount stumbles off alone, wistfully, to seek a place in the South where he can take hold of reality through Marxism; and Biff Brannon steels himself to live a life of emptiness.

The naturalistic incidents of which the book is compounded seem to be of no importance; one has the feeling that any string of typical actions would have served the author's purpose as well, for the value of such writing lies not so much in what is said as in the angle of vision from which life is seen. There are times when Miss McCullers deliberately suppresses the naturally dramatic in order to linger over and accentuate the more obscure, oblique and elusive emotions.

To me the most impressive aspect of "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" is the astonishing humanity that enables a white writer, for the first time in Southern fiction, to handle Negro characters with as much ease and justice as those of her own race. This cannot be accounted for stylistically or politically; it seems to stem from an attitude toward life which enables Miss McCullers to rise above the pressures of her environment and embrace white and black humanity in one sweep of apprehension and tenderness.

In the conventional sense, this is not so much a novel as a projected mood, a state of mind poetically objectified in words, an attitude externalized in naturalistic detail. Whether you will want to read the book depends upon the extent to which you value the experience of discovering the stale and familiar terms of everyday life bathed in a rich and strange meaning, devoid of pettiness and sentimentality.

RICHARD WRIGHT

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Stalin and Hitler

The Imperial Soviets, by Henry C. Wolfe. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 287 pages. \$2.50.

SINCE THE END OF World War I, Henry C. Wolfe seems to have traveled incessantly from Riga to Moscow, Reval, Warsaw and Berlin, talking to a great number of persons and studying the history and the ideologies of eastern Europe. In a time more concerned with collecting "pure" facts than with the philosophy of facts, he has understood the historical impact of ideas. He is apparently both attracted and repelled by Lenin's vision of a European Union of Socialist Soviet Republics; indeed he is so much under its spell that he somewhat neglects the rival vision of the Fascists. This is the strength and the weakness of "The Imperial Soviets."

According to Mr. Wolfe, Stalin has never abandoned the original course of revolutionary bolshevism with its universal aspirations. His imperialism has revolutionary means and ends. Stalin's aim was to prevent an anti-Soviet coalition, to foster confusion and eventually to come out of "the second imperialist war" as the great neutral in a weakened Europe ripe for Communist revolution. With the exception of a few minor blunders, Stalin's foreign policy, says Mr. Wolfe, has been successful. After the deal with Hitler, "Stalin had not changed, he had only changed his tactics. He was still driving toward the same goal of a new world order that would be directed from the Kremlin." The deal showed that "Hitler was at Stalin's mercy."

Hypothetically this appears to be perfectly logical, but the present book goes no farther than the beginning of Hitler's attack on Denmark and Norway. Can we still assume today that Moscow will ever dominate Berlin? The author tells us little about the Soviet Union in 1939, except that "morally and spiritually there was retrogression." He observes that the small Baltic countries have made more material progress than the Soviet Union. It is true that economic arguments can be reduced to speculations on the human faculty of suffering and endurance. The Russian people have had a record of endurance in the past. But unless Hitler is decisively defeated, one doubts that this capacity of theirs will prevail over the dynamism of Nazi Germany.

Mr. Wolfe admits the possibility of a Nazi victory; in this case, he believes, the "two revolutions" will join, the stronger one taking over the weaker. But are there really "two revolutions"? Even though Hitler calls his movement "revolutionary," it is in reality the greatest effort toward a counter-revolution—economic, political and spiritual—that has occurred since 1618, when Europe plunged into the Thirty Years War. The fact is worth pondering that the Grand Duke of Moscow, together with the Protestant states of Germany and Scandinavia, was among the signatories of one of the Westphalian Treaties of 1648, which Hitler has now sworn to liquidate *in saeculos saeculorum*. These treaties for the first time established the principle of religious freedom. Today, from Lisbon to Warsaw, from Rome to Oslo, the principles of authority and blind faith have gained a victory over the principles of freedom of conscience, of individual responsibility before God and men and of the right to individual happiness. It

is a sad truth, but the "Imperial Soviets" are today far from being a revolutionary force; they rather seem to have become a colonial dominion of the Nazi counter-revolution.

In this sense, Stalin's foreign policy has been a failure, not a success. It has been, however, a decisive factor in contemporary history and Mr. Wolfe's book is an excellent guide through its complicated peripeties. He has drawn an extremely vivid picture of Stalin's methods and of the principal actors on the political scene in Eastern and Central Europe. His portraits of Litvinov, of Colonel Beck and of Hitler's Nazi satraps are masterly. So too are his account of Soviet-German relations since Versailles and his description of the political blindness of British leadership which has facilitated Hitler's victories.

PAUL WOHL

Victims

Sufferance Is the Badge: The Jew in the Contemporary World, by Abram Sachar. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 615 pages. \$3.50.

HERE IS an impartial and unemotional record of the religious persecutions and acts of civil intolerance that accompanied the rise of fascism in post-war Europe. Beginning with the Versailles Treaty and its effect on political minorities, Dr. Sachar traces the recent history of the Jews in the Central European dictatorships. He shows that their sufferings are paralleled by the suppression of democratic principles. Scapegoats, Dr. Sachar points out, are an advantageous device in times of social unrest and economic desperation—the hungry are the first to take up the cudgels, just as they are the first to accept the promise of a panacea. As long ago as the third century, Tertullian described the same technique for exorcising public calamity: "If an earthquake occurred, if famine threatened, if pestilence raged, the city resounded: 'Throw the Christians to the lions.'" Dr. Sachar's thesis makes it all too clear that the predicament of the European Jew is more than a racial condition; that, as a matter of fact, it helps to disguise a general social catastrophe in which terrorism and injustice must be considered as agents in themselves.

Going from country to country—from Germany to Austria, from Czecho-Slovakia to Poland, from Rumania to Hungary, Italy and Palestine—Dr. Sachar unfolds a calendar of horror, indignity and violence that lends more anti-climax than conviction to his final credo:

The Jew can wait for the return of sanity. . . . History is on the side of the optimists. . . . Sometimes the outlook has been dark. . . . But the liberal, critical, rational, tolerant spirit rises again, tempered by adversity. . . . Jews, above all, have no right to fly in the face of their own history by succumbing to the vapors of despondency.

No doubt it is true that the same adaptability to misfortune which has doomed the Jewish race has also saved it from extinction. But a mixture of fatalism and optimism scarcely constitutes a program for combating the forces undermining all the traditions of democratic enlightenment. Abstract justice is on the Doctor's side, hovering over the European concentration camps, but action is another matter.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

A Good Fight

A Liberal in Wartime, by Walter Nelles. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 221 pages. \$2.50.

A LIBERAL IN WARTIME" is the story of Albert DeSilver: from Skull and Bones in New Haven to the National Civil Liberties Bureau on Union Square. At the same time, it is the story of that Bureau (now the American Civil Liberties Union). During the last war, when the Bill of Rights was worth about as much as international law, the Bureau was founded to represent war-objectors in army camps, to protect public speakers from mob violence and critical magazines from the Post Office Department. It was the meeting ground for the defense of civil liberties in wartime; it attracted men like DeSilver, whose "sense of fairness," according to Mr. Nelles, "led him to defend a motley job-lot of socialists, pacifists and assorted cranks whose views he never shared," as well as liberals who were less patronizing. The Bureau was one of the very few defend-

ers of these liberties while the nation was saving the world for democracy.

After the war, when the White House was full of idealism, the cities full of patriotism and the Department of Justice full of Attorney General Palmer, the men on the Bureau continued their work. In court, in pamphlets and letters, they argued for the fair treatment of war-objectors and the fair trial of "suspected" aliens.

Mr. Nelles' book defines a liberal as a man who struggles to maintain civil liberties, and perhaps his definition is accurate. At the time DeSilver was connected with the Bureau, such liberalism was not only a point of view but a dangerous job. The defense of civil liberties in a democracy is always the defense of the unpopular. In peacetime, minority groups and minority expression are sometimes unchallenged. But in time of stress, the civil liberties guaranteed by the Bill of Rights may be blown to bits and the people will be too busy to notice. To fight for civil liberties during a crisis may be the final test of a liberal. It is such a test today.

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A Reader's List

INTO THE DARKNESS, by Lothrop Stoddard (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$2.75). The author was sent by the North American Newspaper Alliance to see what Germany looked like in wartime. He was helped by obliging Nazi officials, who showed him many impressive sights, including the grandest of them, Hitler in his palace. Result: Mr. Stoddard is "impressed"—just as any photographic plate would be. And he is just as "objective" and just as unable to see beneath the surface.

THE GERMAN WHITE PAPER: The full text of the Polish documents issued by the Berlin Foreign Office (Howell, Soskin, \$1). Not only is there nothing startling in these sixteen "secret" papers, but nothing that hadn't been known, and quite well, before their publication. The authenticity of this White Paper has been denied, and it is indeed possible that all this is a Nazi forgery. But the liars, in that case, were not very imaginative.

CHEMISTRY IN WARFARE, by F. A. Hessel, M. S. Hessel and Wellford Martin (Hastings House, \$2). A brief, factual and objective little primer for lay readers which emphasizes the heavy reliance of modern warfare on trained chemists and well developed chemical resources. The author-scientists say the United States has superior personnel and equipment for a test-tube war.

HOW TO READ TWO BOOKS, by Erasmus G. Addlepatte (Stokes, \$1). A take-off on one of the Never-leave-your-mind-alone best-sellers. Idea is good and welcome. Outcome is part satire, part humorous essay, part funny. Illustrations by Carl Rose.

Music

THE CRITICAL COMPOSER: The Musical Writings of Wagner, Schumann, Debussy, Hugo Wolf and Others; edited with foreword by Irving Kolodin (Howell, Soskin, \$2). A neat volume containing twenty-five short articles by ten different composers, chiefly devoted to one another's music and that of other composers. Some general and some technical shop talk. Authoritative in that it presents the opinions of men who knew their subject as creators as well as critical listeners.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA: 1883-1939, by Irving Kolodin (Oxford, \$3.75). The standard reference history of a famous cultural institution brought up to date. Emphasis on details regarding programs, artists and conductors is balanced by a critical examination of the Met's decline in standards and repertory. Well organized, complete. No scandals.

MUSIC FOR THE MULTITUDE, by Sidney Harrison (Macmillan, \$2.50). A concise, readable layman's book ranging the entire musical field from simple notation to counterpoint, and from Gregorian chants to jam-sessions in Memphis. The author's approach to great composers in groups and in terms of their own times is of particular interest. The style is bright, the illustrations are clear, and much of the comment is pertinent.

AMERICA'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRAS (and How They Are Supported), by Margaret Grant and Herman S. Hettinger (Norton, \$3). An exhaustive financial survey of our sixteen major and two hundred fifty-odd minor symphony orchestras by an assistant manager of the Boston Symphony and an economist. How and where funds are raised and spent to support annual budgets ranging from a few hundred dollars to more than \$600,000. Figures, charts, tables galore.

Fiction

MAID NO MORE, by Helen Simpson (Reynal and Hitchcock, \$2.50). Fantastic doings on a slaveship of the 1600's, with a girl preacher converting the Negroes to evangelism and a Cavalier gentleman converting her to love. Refreshing for its clear and well turned prose as well as for one of the very few plots in the current publishing season that haven't forty first cousins.

LOVERS' MEETING, by Lady Eleanor Smith (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). A pair of lovers start out in the twentieth century, whisk themselves back to the early nineteenth, and finally end up one hundred years apart. There's a little talk of reincarnation, but despite this and the juggling with time, mark this down simply as a very pretty romance, moving with as much easy charm through the England of three summers ago as through the era of pantaloons and chaises.

WEEP NO MORE, by Angela du Maurier (Doubleday, Doran, \$2). There's some mention of reincarnation here too: the heroine's husband dies in the First World War and her lover for this war, a boy less than half her age, bears the husband's name. Miss du Maurier moves her story swiftly and with sincerity; in spots, though, her characters' passion seems a little unconvincing.

Contributors

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VAN WYCK BROOKS's essay in this issue is taken from his forthcoming book, "New England: Indian Summer."

HILDEGARDE FLANNER is the author of a book of verse, "Time's Profile." She is writing a series of poems to be called "Poems for Use."

ALLAN A. MICHIE is a foreign correspondent for Time and Fortune, and has contributed to Harper's and other magazines. He is the co-author, with Frank Ryhlick, of "Dixie Demagogues."

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EDMUND WILSON is the author of "Axel's Castle," "The Triple Thinkers" and other books of criticism, poetry, drama, fiction and current history.

RICHARD WRIGHT is the author of the best-selling and much discussed "Native Son," as well as an earlier collection of stories, "Uncle Tom's Children." He is now in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, working with Paul Green on a dramatization of "Native Son."

PAUL WOHL, an economist and student of international affairs, spent several years on the staff of the League of Nations. He was later a correspondent for French newspapers, and is now working in this country.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE has contributed literary and art criticism to a number of periodicals, and is the editor and translator of Ludwig Marcuse's "Life of Loyola."

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